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South Dakota Arbor and Bird Day Book

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Suggestions and Material
for Programs and Other
Methods of Observing
Arbor Day and Bird Day

Compiled by : : RUTH PETERSON

Issued by the
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA
1916

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PREFACE.

The inspiration of love for the beautiful in nature, for birds and trees, for flowers and streams, for the grandeur of mountains and the splendor of plains, for sylvan nooks and quiet lakes, is one of the functions of education. Our Dakota prairies are magnificent and awe-inspiring in their vast expanses, but they lack the intimate friendship that touches our souls as does that of trees and shrubs and flowers properly arranged in a harmonious setting. The very dependence of these living things upon our ministrations endears them to us and plays upon our emotions to the betterment of our natures.

The school that under the guidance of a sympathetic teacher changes the wild heartlessness of a prairie school ground into a park where dainty flowers and graceful shrubs smile a greeting to their human friends, where the song birds nest in the trees and pour out their melodies to those who have sought their companionship, has taken an active part in the work of the Creator which ennobles its pupils and inspires a neighborhood to better living.

The purpose of Arbor Day and Bird Day is to emphasize this feature of education and to furnish an appropriate occasion on which to make a formal beginning of some definite, local landscape improvement. The lessons of the day must be carried into the activities of the year, even thru the inactivity of the vacation period when so much of interest and value in our school life is lost. Unless the interest aroused can be made enduring, much of the labor expended will produce but little fruit.

To assist teachers in the preparation of suitable programs for Bird Day and for Arbor Day this little book has been compiled. Scattered thru it are views of various scenes in our state, arranged for the purpose of giving pupils an idea of the varied elements of natural beauty which compose the scenery we all love, and to show how care and cultivation may develop elements of beauty and home-likeness in places otherwise wild to the point of savagery. It is hoped that this little volume may prove helpful in many ways to those who have inherited all of this wealth of beauty and of opportunity which we call South Dakota.

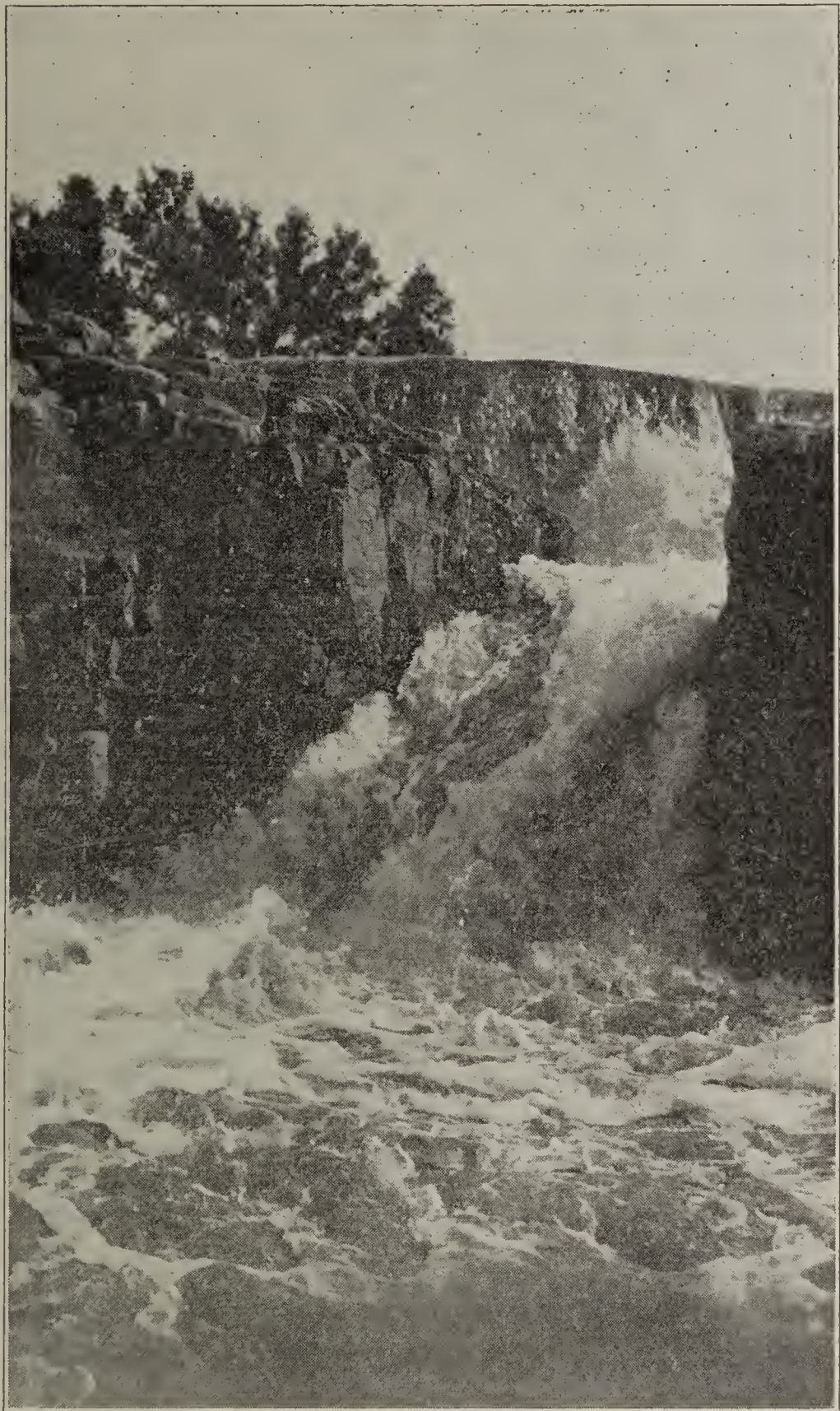
C. H. LUGG,

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Pierre, October 11, 1916.

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A Cascade of the Sioux Falls

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MY MONUMENT.

Alfred Wenz.

(Courtesy of The Dakota Farmer.)

I am not dead. Neither am I speaking of a tombstone. A rock spoiled by being polished and lettered in up-to-date style does not arouse my enthusiasm.

I care little what becomes of my body after I am done with it. Probably the conventional block of granite will mark the darkened bed where I shall sleep at last. But I had rather have a tree—better still, many trees. A stone is cold and gathers mold; a tree has life and reaches up. A stone repels—it locates a dead body. A tree delights—its every suggestion is of living beauty and perennial growth.

Why wait till this life is past and hope for others to plant my monument of trees—and perhaps have to be satisfied with a stark stone? I want to enjoy the trees now. I should like to have a hand in growing them.

The trees we are bringing through against difficulties on the prairies have a place in our affections. They come into being and beautify our homes because of us. Their story is personal.

I Plant My Monument.

I have planted many trees, as my father did before me; but one particular row I like to think of as my monument. It is of Black Hills spruce and borders the lane from the road up to the house.

People said when I planted these trees that evergreens could not be grown here. But the men who were most certain had never tried. Corn cannot be grown here, neither can alfalfa—if you believe some folks.

I do not believe all I hear, so I told Mr. Norby to send me fifty choice spruce trees from eighteen to twenty-four inches tall. He filled the order for quality in Scripture measure. Every tree was stocky and strong with a great thick cluster of roots as big as the top. Friend Norby had done his work well in growing these spruces. He had transplanted them from time to time and weeded out the weaklings. This root pruning in transplanting had developed a bushy mass of feeder rootlets which came out with the tree in digging. And in the

transplanting he had given every tree elbow room to grow a dense, shapely top.

When the trees came I found them with their roots tightly packed in wet moss. It is of course safer to have evergreens shipped with the dirt on the roots. But when they are packed as Mr. Norby was in the habit of preparing them for shipment, and are properly handled afterward, there is little danger—I lost only one out of fifty.

There is one precaution to be insisted on—never let the roots become dry. The resinous sap of the evergreen hardens on drying, and this instantly kills the tree. On unpacking I at once plunged the roots into thin mud and thoroughly coated them with it. This not only kept them moist but also put plant food at the very mouths of the feeder rootlets. The trees were then heeled in and the earth around them kept soaked till they were planted. And when I moved them I carried them in a tub of mud, being careful though that the rootlets were not plastered together and that moist granular soil was sifted between them and well packed when trees were set into the holes.

It was in 1909 that the trees were planted. I had not then learned of using dynamite for setting trees, doubtless the best method, neither did I have a subsoiler. Deep plowing was all the ground got in that line, but it was thoroughly tilled. And how the trees are growing! They are the landmark on our farm—a neighbor tells us we should name it “Spruce Ridge Farm.”

The Monument a Joy.

These spruces are visible from almost any corner of the farm. I go by them as I leave. They welcome me down at the road when I return. Their coolness gives a grateful contrast to hot summer days, while their persistent green lifts life above the snows at Christmastide. By night they take upon themselves fresh beauties, vaguely bulking and whispering in the gloom or standing forth, clear and demonstrative, in the brilliant light thrown along the lane by the motor car.

These spruce trees are my monument—enjoyed while I am alive and shared with others. I like to think that maybe after I am no longer here I shall know when the tired traveler along

the hot and dusty road slackens his pace as he comes to my trees—perhaps refreshes himself in the shade—and says, “I love trees, too, and am glad that someone planted these.”

SELECTION AND PLANTING OF TREES.

**Prof. N. E. Hansen, Professor of Horticulture and Forestry,
State Agricultural College, Brookings, S. Dakota.**

It is almost useless to attempt to plant trees before the prairie sod is subdued. After one or more grain crops, including one cultivated crop such as corn or potatoes, preferably the latter, something can be done in planting a windbreak of cheap and easily obtained trees, such as willows, boxelders or cottonwoods. In planting windbreaks a snow trap should be provided. This means that two or three thick low hedge rows of willows or similar trees are planted four to six rods from the north and west side of the windbreak. This leaves an open space in which the snow lodges. This open space can be utilized for a garden if desired. On school grounds of the ordinary size the same effect can be secured by planting a windbreak on the extreme outer boundary with the school house in the center of the open space.

Most people make too hard work of their tree planting. Do not plant large trees for a windbreak. Trees one or two years old can be bought cheaper from the nearest reliable nurseryman than you can raise them yourself. However, if near a sandbar, native trees can be obtained very readily. On the sandbars of the Missouri and other rivers of Dakota many millions of trees are sown by nature every year which should be gathered and planted. Of course, experience has shown that some native trees are adapted only to moist soils along streams, and that some trees from the dry climate of the old world stand better upon dry upland. The planting is easily done by plowing a deep furrow when ready to plant in the spring. By plowing back in the same furrow, with an active man or boy holding down the plow beam so as to make the plow run as deeply as possible, a dead furrow is obtained into which the trees may be set at the proper distances apart without any extra digging with a spade. Have the rows as straight as possible, as it will save labor in cultivating. Good cultiva-

tion should be given and the crust broken after heavy rains. Young trees should certainly be given as good care as corn, although many successful corn growers appear to imagine that trees need no care after planting.

Many people have chosen hardy species of trees, but have lost them because southern or eastern forms of the species were planted. It is now a well established fact that a species of plant extending over a wide geographical range varies greatly in ability to resist cold. Southern boxelders winter-kill in Manitoba; boxelders from Virginia winter-kill in Iowa; boxelders from Kansas kill to the ground at this station; yet in each case the local native boxelder is perfectly hardy. Red cedars from Tennessee winter-kill in Minnesota and Iowa; the northern red cedar is hardy. This law of varying hardiness is now well understood by careful nurserymen. Dakota planters should make sure that their ash, boxelder, elm and other trees native to the state are not grown from seed picked too far south. Conversely, it is not best for southern planters to get seed from too far north, because the term "hardiness" implies ability to resist heat as well as cold.

List of Hardy Trees.

The limited space available will permit of brief descriptions only of the more important trees for general planting. These trees can be secured the cheapest from your nearest reliable nurseryman; some may be grown from seed gathered along the nearest river or creek; others may be dug as young seedlings on sandbars or in the nearest native timber.

Box Elder: This is a native of Canada and the eastern United States, south to Florida, west to the Rocky Mountains. It is common all over South Dakota and is one of the best trees for the prairie planter for shade and windbreak. For shade it is one of the best as it comes into full foliage earlier in the season than many other trees. The main trouble with it as an isolated tree is that neglect of proper pruning in its early years causes a scrubby growth. All the maple family, of which the boxelder is one of the best members, have the same fault of making too rank growth on top. If such trees are not headed back some of the main limbs may be broken down in severe storms, thus ruining the tree. As the tree is

bent so the tree is inclined. In a trip through Manitoba and Assiniboia a few years ago the present writer saw some splendid hedges and windbreaks of the native boxelder, in that country called "Manitoba maple." Sometimes the seeds were sown where the trees were to remain; the young seedlings being thinned out so as to stand at as uniform distances apart as possible and prevent undue crowding. Usually it is just as well to get one year seedlings and plant them in straight rows made with a plow.

The boxelder is a good nurse tree for more valuable trees such as the ash, which puts forth its leaves so late that the grass gets a start which seriously injures the young tree. By a nurse tree is meant trees which leaf out early and keep the grass down in the spring and force the more valuable trees to grow up tall and form a straight stem with few side branches near the ground. Later the nurse trees may be cut out, leaving more room for the valuable trees.

Only northern native boxelder should be planted. Considerable loss has been experienced in this state from planting southern trees or southern seed. At Brookings trees growing from native Kansas boxelders killed to the ground the first winter, plainly showing their inferior hardiness as compared to the native boxelder.

White Elm: Native from Newfoundland to the Rocky mountains south to Florida and Texas. In South Dakota it is found native along the lakes and streams throughout the state. This is probably the best street, park and lawn tree for general planting. Care should be taken to plant only the northern and western form of the species. The strong tough limbs resist the severe winds but it is better to trim the young growth back late in June or early in July if the tree is standing isolated and in open exposure. This compels the tree to form a denser, more compact head and prevents it from becoming top-heavy. Later in the season a branch that is growing too rank may be pinched or cut back at the tip to prevent excessive growth, or this may be done in the winter. A famous French botanist who traveled through America at an early day used the word "vegetable" in its largest sense when he wrote: "The American white elm is the most magnificent vegetable of the north temperate zone."

Hackberry: This is a beautiful lawn tree of rapid growth and does well even on high dry land. It is closely related to the elm, and is a common native tree along lakes and streams throughout South Dakota. It is a native from Ontario west to Manitoba and Dakota, south to Georgia and Texas. The hackberry of the eastern states is not as hardy as found native in Dakota. The tree is scarce in nurseries, probably because of the scarcity of seed, the birds being fond of the small sweet dark-colored berries which hang on the tree in the winter. It is distinguished from the white elm in having taper-pointed leaves, divided unequally by the midrib.

Green Ash: This is native throughout the state. It endures severe drouth on dry upland and is very tenacious of life, in such localities flourishing where cottonwoods fail. Although of rather slow growth at first it is one of the most valuable of trees for the lawn and groves. The red ash very closely resembles the green ash, and the two are often indistinguishable. But be sure the ash trees you plant are from native Dakota seed and not from the southern or eastern states.

Cottonwood: Native from Quebec to the Rocky Mountains and south to Florida. A tree largely planted in this state, but it has proven short lived when closely planted in groves on high upland prairie. For lawns of moderate size the cottonwood grows too large and robs the soil of moisture needed by other trees. The cottonwood and other poplars demand moist soil with abundant water supply not too far beneath the surface; also abundance of room for full development. Old cottonwood trees give very little shade, the top being too spreading and open and the foliage too thin. In common with other poplars this tree is dioecious, that is the male and female flowers are not borne on the same tree. Hence the cotton which flies when the seed is ripe can be avoided by planting trees grown from cuttings taken from staminate trees. In recent years a selected staminate variety of the cottonwood with more rounded compact habit of growth has been put on the market. This is called Carolina poplar. Its light and moisture requirements are the same as other cottonwoods.

Summing up the matter, we may say that the cottonwood

is not at its best save in its favorite habitat, moist soil along the rivers. As a rule do not plant it in groves along with other trees as it is not a good neighbor. Cottonwoods soon become too large and dwarf the other trees.

Soft Maple: Native of eastern North America, west to eastern Dakota and Nebraska. The wide range of this popular tree gives rise to trouble from southern and eastern seed. One lot kills back into bush form on the Station Grounds at Brookings. The Soft maple is a native of the Sioux valley in this state and seed from native northwestern trees should be preferred. It is not to be recommended for the exposed prairies at the north. Much more than the boxelder is it subject to splitting down of the limbs in strong winds as the tree attains size. There are many fine trees of Soft maple in the southeastern part of the state, especially along the Missouri river.

Russian Olive: Native of the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea eastward to southern Siberia and northern China. As introduced from southern Europe it is not hardy but the German immigrants from Russia brought to the prairie northwest a hardier form of the species. The Russian Oleaster would be a more exact name; it is allied to the buffalo berry and does not belong to the olive family. The silvery leaves resemble those of an olive tree. The small yellow blossoms in June are remarkable for their spicy fragrance, making the tree a center of attraction while in bloom. The tree is valuable for stock-proof hedges on land too high and dry for other trees. In the dry region of western Nebraska it was put at the head of the list of deciduous trees after some fifteen years trial.

White Willow: Native throughout Europe and western and northern Asia and northern Africa. The common white willow as introduced into America and commonly grown in the west is one of the best trees for windbreaks on the prairie, but, in common with all other willows, it demands moist soil for the best results.

The Russian Golden Willow: This is a hardy round top tree of very rapid growth. Remarkable for its bright yellow bark in winter. Many prefer it to the white willow.

The Russian Laurel Leaved Willow: A tree valuable for its handsome foliage, the leaves being glossy as if varnished

on both sides, and shaped like those of a laurel. A native of northern and central Europe and Asia.

Niobe Weeping Golden Willow: A new weeping willow with central erect stem and long slender drooping branches. A tree destined to wide popularity, as the northwest needs a strictly hardy weeping willow. Recently imported from Europe by the South Dakota Agricultural college.

Ural Willow: From the Ural mountain regions separating Russia from Siberia. A hardy ornamental willow with very slender purple drooping branches and small narrow leaves. Used for basket work and tying bundles of trees in nursery work. A single shoot can be tied in several knots.

European White Birch: A native of central and northern Europe to western and northern Asia. A tree of graceful habit with silvery white bark and slender branches. In a timber plantation on the college grounds this tree has been of very rapid growth and has proven very hardy. Single specimens standing in open exposure in sod on the Campus have sometimes suffered in winter following a dry summer. It would not be considered a drought-resistant tree for dry prairies at the north.

Cut Leaved Weeping Birch: This is a variety of European birch and is a most beautiful tree with an erect central trunk and long graceful drooping branches, white bark and delicately cut leaves. The pruning knife should be used with great caution if at all. The many slender weeping branches from the main stem add to the beauty of the tree and should not be removed unless very near the ground. This is probably the queen of all lawn trees but is expensive. This is because it does not come true to seed but must be grafted or budded. If the seed is sown it reverts back to the common European white birch. It may also be propagated by inarching but not by cuttings.

Kentucky Coffee Tree: A handsome southern and eastern ornamental tree of large compound leaves and coarse branches. In this state it is found native in Clay and Union counties in the southeast corner of the state. Care should be exercised to plant only the northern trees of northern origin.

Choke Cherry: In South Dakota choke cherries are common along streams and lakes throughout the state. The numerous sprouts from the roots are objectionable, but its perfect

hardiness and willingness to grow commend it to many who have failed with eastern and southern trees. Hence we find it upon South Dakota lawns and even as street trees, having been transplanted from the nearest river bank. The western choke cherry averages larger and better in quality than the eastern choke cherry and is sometimes used for jelly.

Wild Plum: The wild plums of South Dakota are well worthy of our attention as forming a good fruit-bearing wind-break, and one which is not without ornamental value especially when in full bloom. Every prairie farmer can grow such a hedge with much profit and pleasure. Plum trees scattered in among other trees in a grove often fruit better than those in open exposure.

For the school grounds two or three rows of wild plum seedlings will form an interesting study as they vary so widely in size and quality of fruit with no two alike. The pupils should make a special effort to bring in fresh fruit of the largest wild plums they can find in their vicinity. The flesh is removed and the pits washed clean. These pits are then mixed with moist sand or earth in a shallow box with holes in the bottom for drainage and buried at once outdoors beneath the surface in a well drained spot. This method is called stratifying for winter freezing. If the soil is very dry, cover with a little straw or manure to prevent the seeds from drying out. In the spring plant in rows as early as possible, covering the seeds three or four inches deep. The next spring, when one year old, the young plants may be transplanted to their permanent position into rows, or thinned out where they stand so that the rows are twelve feet apart and the trees three apart in the row. When they fruit the tree bearing the best and largest plums may be marked and given a name. If more trees are wanted of this kind, propagate it by grafting or budding, or by taking young sprouts from this tree. But if the seeds from this tree are planted they will again give you as many different kinds as there were pits planted.

List of Hardy Shrubs.

The following list of ornamental shrubs is by no means complete, but will do for a beginning. All are hardy and desirable in this state.

Tartarian Bush Honeysuckle: Native of Siberia, Tartary and southeastern Russia. A bush twelve to fifteen feet in height which has proven perfectly hardy in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Manitoba and Assiniboia. This shrub has been cultivated for many years and there are now a number of varieties differing in foliage, habit and color of blossom and berry. It is one of the first shrubs which should be planted by prairie settlers on the lawn and for ornamental screens and hedges. It is easily propagated by planting cuttings in the fall the same as for currants and willows.

Buckthorn: Native of Europe, Siberia, western and northern Asia. One of the very best plants for ornamental hedges. The ovate dark green leaves are attractive throughout the season; flowers small and inconspicuous, branches small and thorny, the black fruits are the size of a pea. This plant endures severe trimming and has proven perfectly hardy wherever tested in this state.

Lilacs: There are now many kinds of lilacs desirable for cultivation, owing to their beautiful fragrant blossoms and hardiness of plant. The old fashioned purple lilac is a native of central Europe and the Orient, and by crossing and selection a choice large number of double varieties have been originated, also single varieties superior in size and color of blossom. But these are expensive and the old fashioned lilac, with its abundant bluish purple fragrant flowers in late May and early June, is one of our best plants for ornamental screens and for clumps on the lawn.

Spiraea Van Houttei: All things considered it is the most beautiful of the Spiraeas and should be among the first of all ornamental shrubs chosen for the lawn. It also makes a beautiful ornamental hedge four or five feet in height. The white flowers appear in great profusion in late May and early June. This plant originated in France and is a hybrid between two Siberian and Chinese Spiraeas. It is hardy far northward into Manitoba. The bush is easily propagated from cuttings planted in the fall the same as currant or willow cuttings, and also by dividing old bushes in early spring.

Snowball: This is a variety of the High Bush cranberry with sterile flowers. Since the flowers are sterile no seed is

produced. The old fashioned Snowball still retains its great popularity. In cold dry localities it should be watered before winter sets in so that the roots do not freeze dry.

Rosa rugosa: This is the botanical name for a wild rose from Siberia, with large crimson fragrant flowers three or four inches in diameter, strong thorny branches, thick leathery wrinkled glossy foliage, and large red hips or seed pods. This is perfectly hardy anywhere in the state, and in milder regions where the choicest double roses are grown successfully, it is considered worthy of planting for its foliage and flowers. At the Agricultural college this rose is being crossed with double roses in the endeavor to obtain double roses which are hardy without winter protection.

The Mock Orange or Syringa: The Mock Oranges are beautiful ornamental shrubs with opposite, entire or saw-tooth leaves, and white, often very fragrant, flowers. The name comes from the resemblance to orange blossoms. The common name Syringa is somewhat confusing as that is the botanical name for the lilacs. We have tested forty varieties of mock oranges at Brookings. Many of these have winter-killed, others are hardy so that they blossom freely. If you find any hardy in the gardens of your neighborhood, try to propagate it by cuttings planted in the fall, the same as currants or willows.

High Bush Cranberry: Native at the far north around the world. In South Dakota found in the Minnesota valley and in the Black Hills. A handsome shrub with white flowers. The red berries are used in Manitoba and the Dakotas for jelly and sauce. It is not related to the cranberries of the swamps. A plant worthy of attention, being both useful and ornamental.

Waahoo: This is also called Burning Bush or Strawberry tree, so-called from the abundance of scarlet fruit which hangs on in winter. The latter name is rather misleading as the fruit is not edible. The flowers are small and purple; the branches four-sided. It is a native of North America, west to Montana; in South Dakota it is found along the Missouri river eastward.

Dogwoods: There are several species of dogwood which are interesting and attractive ornamental shrubs, especially for groups. One of the best is the Siberian dogwood, which is remarkable for the bright coral red color of the branches in

winter. The red-barked native South Dakota dogwood called Kinnikinnick by the Indians is also worthy of a place in the collection. Both are desirable for their winter color effect on the lawn.

Siberian Pea Tree: This is not really a tree but a large somewhat thorny bush attaining a height in its native home, Siberia and Manchuria, of fifteen to twenty feet. The botanical name is *Caragana arborescens*, coming in part from the native Mongolian name Caragan. Throughout European Russia it is a favorite ornamental plant for the home grounds. The yellow flowers are like those of the pea and appear in great profusion in May. The locust-like foliage appears early and is a lively green color. In the government forestry plantations on the Russian steppes it endures severe drought and cold, and is used as a nurse tree or rather bush.

This is a valuable hardy shrub for ornamental hedges, snow catchers, low windbreaks, and for the lawn in the most exposed situations.

Juneberry: The old Indian name, Suscutan or Saskatoon, would be a better name for this bush than Juneberry. This is a desirable native shrub with neat handsome foliage, abundant white blossoms in early May followed by purple berries. The fruit is prized for table and culinary use. Where sufficiently abundant as along the Missouri river, it is collected in large quantities. The birds are very fond of the fruit and will pick all the berries as fast as they ripen if only a few plants are set, as they get up earlier in the morning than you do.

Russian Mulberry: This was introduced into Nebraska and other western states during 1875-77 by the Russian Menonites. It has been found to be valuable only for low windbreaks to catch the snow. The birds eat the fruit in preference to more valuable fruit; it varies in size and color on different trees but is mostly very small and insipid. However, some housekeepers make good use of the berries by mixing in with more acid fruit. The tree is sufficiently hardy to bear fruit freely in the southern part of the state, but north of that it kills back too much to be desirable.

Silver Berry: Native from Canada south to Minnesota, Dakota and Utah. This is a handsome native Dakota shrub

with large leaves silvery on both sides, small yellow fragrant blossoms and silvery berries. The bush sprouts from the roots. Worthy of a place in any shrub collection.

Buffalo Berry: In South Dakota this is very common in the Missouri valley and rare in the Minnesota valley. A handsome ornamental shrub from six to eighteen feet in height, with silvery leaves and red berries. Occasional plants are found with yellow fruit. The plant is dioecious, hence care should be taken if fruit is desired to plant both pistillate and staminate plants. Study the buds in their winter condition and as the blossoms appear. The fruit makes a delicious jelly and can often be dried for winter use.

The Snowberry: A native of Canada and the northern United States. In South Dakota it is found along streams and on dry banks throughout the state. A favorite in old gardens; the small pink flowers are followed by large white berries which hang on the plant in winter. In Dakota it is often called Buckbrush. In Assiniboia it has been found desirable for dwarf hedges and flower garden borders, as it endures very severe trimming.

Golden Currant: This is one of the best hardy shrubs for the lawn and ornamental screens. The only objection to it for a screen is that the leaves do not hang on long in autumn. It is a native of South Dakota and other states along the Missouri river westward to the Rocky Mountains. The abundant bright yellow blossoms appear in May and are noteworthy for their spicy fragrance. The fruit is very good for sauce or to eat out of the hand. Its color is usually black but occasionally bushes with yellow fruit are found. This plant can be improved very greatly in size and quality of fruit. Let the pupils of the school strive to find bushes bearing fruit of more than usual size. If the bush is too old to transplant well, cuttings may be taken in the fall of the young wood which has grown that season and planted the same as willow cuttings. The seed can also be washed free from the pulp and stratified in the ground for winter freezing in the same way as the seed of the wild plum.

Wild Black Currant: In South Dakota this shrub is very common along the streams east of the Missouri river. The

plant is considered worthy of a place in ornamental shrub collections in European gardens, and should receive equal consideration at home. The long racemes of yellowish white blossoms are followed by black fruit much liked for jelly. The leaves turn to a handsome brown color in autumn. The fruit can be improved the same as the golden currant.

The Sand Cherry: The western sand cherry is found native from Kansas to Manitoba, westward to Utah and Colorado. This is a favorite fruit of the Indians of South Dakota. The bush grows two to four feet high; the white blossoms appear early in May followed by black fruit about one-half inch in diameter, ripening late in July and early in August. The fruit varies very greatly in size and quality, and the same remarks concerning the improvement of the native plum apply to the sand cherry also. We are raising at the Experiment Station at Brookings many thousands of seedlings of the sand cherry with a view of improving the fruit in size and quality, and some of the third generation seedlings bear fruit an inch in diameter and of good quality. On high dry prairie far west of Pierre this plant is perfectly at home. It bears an abundance of fruit. In moist sections the leaves mildew.

Native Trees and Shrubs: Many of the native trees and shrubs of South Dakota are worthy of general cultivation; some in fact are more honored abroad than at home. Many of the wild species have already been described in this article. In general it may be stated that the **arrangement** of the trees and shrubs is of more importance than the varieties used. No beginner upon the prairies need wait until his means permit the purchase of cultivated shrubs or trees. In the nearest timber or creek bottom he may find enough plants to make a very satisfactory beginning in ornamenting the home or school. But as soon as possible as many of the hardy varieties from other countries should be added to the list, because no one country has all the good things in this line.

Climbing Vines.

Virginia Creeper: All things considered, this is our best climbing vine for covering porches, arbors and screens. It is a native of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. As

transplanted from the woods of South Dakota the Virginia Creeper is hardy throughout the state. Southern or eastern forms of this species will kill back more or less every winter. In Germany and other parts of Europe it is the most popular of all climbing vines. At the west it is sometimes but erroneously called woodbine. The Virginia Creeper has five leaflets and the poison ivy three. Poison Ivy should be destroyed as a weed by fire wherever found.

Scarlet Trumpet Honeysuckle (*Lonicera sempervirens*): A beautiful high climbing vine with scarlet, trumpet-shaped flowers and red berries flowering profusely all summer until frost. Native from Connecticut to Florida, west to Nebraska and Texas.

Wild Grape: For ornamental purposes the wild grape has decided value. Arbors and screens can be quickly covered with the vine. If fruit is desired, either bearing vines should be taken or plants grown from cuttings or layers taken from a growing vine. As found in the timber many vines bear staminate blossoms only, and others bear perfect flowers.



Sherman Park, Sioux Falls

DRAPER'S "TEN COMMANDMENTS" ON TREE PLANTING.

1. Do not allow roots to be exposed to the sun, drying winds, or frost.
2. Prune, with a sharp clean cut, any broken or injured roots.
3. Have the holes large enough to admit all the roots without cramping.
4. Plant in fine loam, enriched with thoroughly decomposed manure.
5. Do not allow any green unfermented manure to come in contact with roots.
6. Spread out the roots in their natural position and work fine loam among them, making it firm and compact.
7. Do not plant too deep. Let upper roots be set an inch lower than before.
8. Remove all broken branches, and cut back at least one-half of the previous year's growth of wood.
9. If the season lacks the usual rainfall, water thoroughly twice a week.
10. After-culture! Keep soil in a good degree of fertility. Mulching the trees in autumn with manure is beneficial.

THE BEST TREES AND VINES.

Dr. W. J. Milne.

Trees best adapted for successful culture are the elm, maple, linden, ash, birch, beech, dogwood, pines, spruces, some of the willows, some of the poplars, the tulip tree, horse-chestnut, catalpa, laburnum, and oak.

The shrubs which seem best adapted to ornamentation are the deutzia, hydrangea, spirea, weigela, privet, arbor vitae, flowering cherry, flowering plum, and hawthorn.

Among our best and hardiest vines are the clematis, the bitter sweet, wistaria, trumpet vine, honeysuckle, morning glory, Virginia creeper, and ampelopsis veitchii.

The best plants for bedding purposes seem to be pansies, verbenas, geranium, coleuses, centaurea, and hybrid roses.

Beautiful beds may be formed by planting seeds of the portulaca, pansies, verbenas, zinnias, asters, dahlias, petunia,

chrysanthemums, nasturiums, balsams, phlox, sweet William, and seeds of other well-known plants.

HOW TO PLANT A TREE.

Julia E. Rogers.

1. Dig the hole wider and deeper than the tree requires. If the tree just fits into the socket the tips of the roots will meet a hard wall which they are too delicate to penetrate, hold fast to, or feed in.

2. Be sure that the surface soil is hoarded at one side when the hole is dug. This soil is mellow and full of plant food. The under soil is harder and more barren. Some rich garden soil can well be brought over and used instead of the subsoil.

3. Take up as large a root system as possible with the tree you dig. The smaller the ball of earth, the greater the loss of feeding roots and the danger of starvation to the tree.

4. Trim all torn and broken roots with a sharp knife. A ragged wound below or above the ground is slow and uncertain in healing. A clean, slanting cut heals soonest and surest.

5. Set the tree on a bed of mellow soil with all its roots spread naturally.

6. Let the level be the same as before. The tree's roots must be planted, but not buried too deep to breathe. A stick laid across the hole at the ground level will indicate where the tree "collar" should be.

7. Sift rich earth, free from clods, among the roots. Hold the tree erect and firm; lift a little to make sure the spaces are well filled underneath. Pack it well down with your foot.

8. If in the growing season, pour in water and let it settle away. This establishes contact between root hairs and soil particles, and dissolves plant food for absorption. If the tree is dormant do not water it.

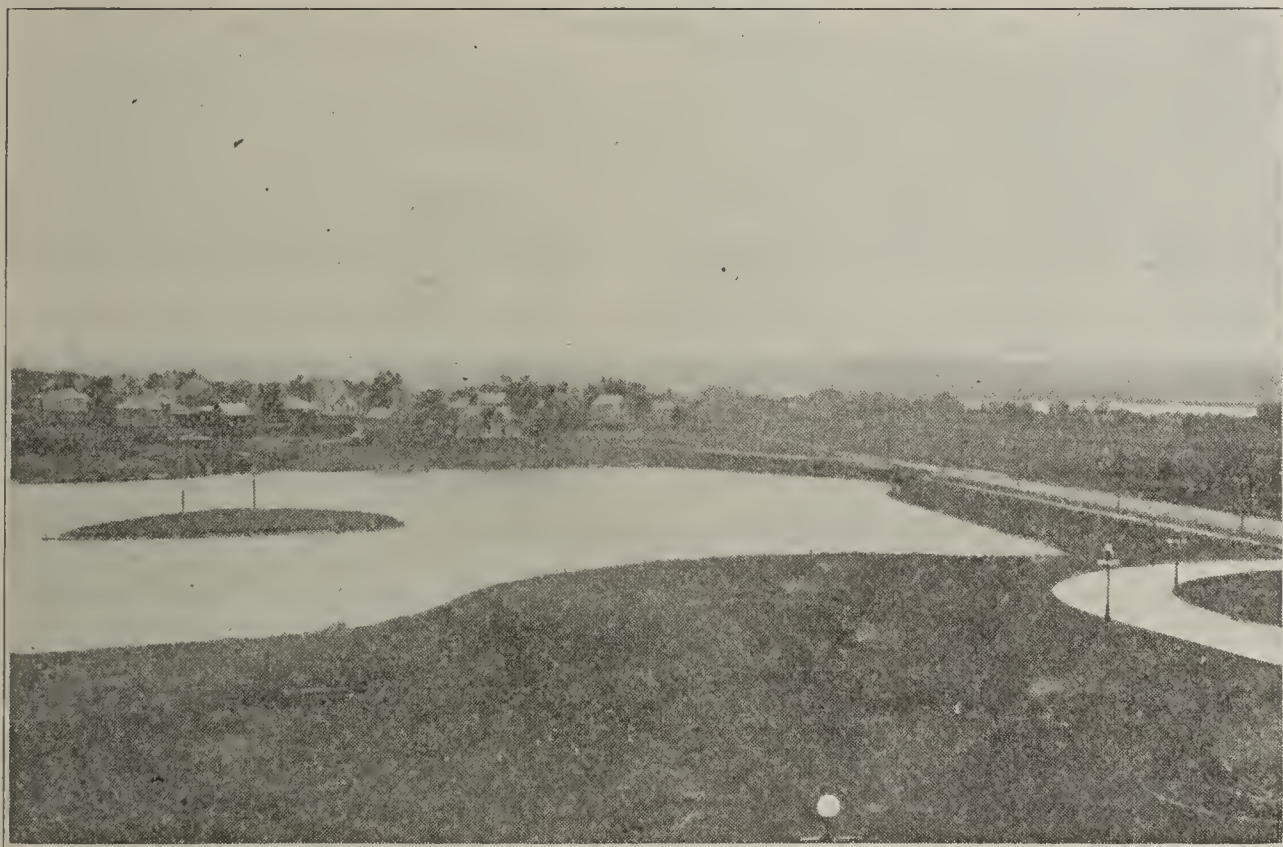
9. Fill the hole with dirt. Tramp in well as filling goes on. Heap it somewhat to allow for settling. If subsoil is used, put it on last. Make the tree firm in its place.

10. Prune the top to a few main branches and shorten these. This applies to a sapling of a few years whose head

you are able to form. Older trees should also be pruned to balance the loss of roots. Otherwise transpiration of water from the foliage would be so great as to overtax its roots, not yet established in the new place. Many trees die from this abuse. People cannot bear to cut back the handsome top, though a handsomer one is soon supplied by following this reasonable rule.

11. Water the tree frequently as it first starts. A thorough soaking of all the roots, not a mere sprinkling of the surface soil, is needed. Continuous growth depends on moisture in the soil. Drainage will remove the surplus water.

12. Keep the surface soil free from cakes or cracks. This prevents excessive evaporation. Do not stir the soil deep enough to disturb the roots. Keep out grass and weeds.



Capitol Lake and Portion of Capitol Grounds, Pierre

SCHOOL ENVIRONMENT.

From Idaho Arbor Day Manual.

The improvement and care of the school grounds by the pupils well illustrates the force of custom in creating an appreciation of the beautiful and in developing a disposition to respect public property. What is done by the organizer of

the school in creating this public sentiment can, in a measure at least, be accomplished by any teacher or superintendent who really desires to beautify the school grounds under his care. Do we not as teachers greatly under-estimate our influence in nurturing the sometimes almost extinguished aesthetic and nature loving instincts of our pupils? Do we fully realize how much it means to the coming citizen to early inculcate a high regard for public property—how much it means for character to create, even during the kindergarten years, the disposition so often expressed by both boys and girls when asked about some improvement on the school premises, “Oh! please may I help?”

THE SCHOOL GARDEN.

L. C. Corbett.

A school garden should be considered as a laboratory in which the different steps in the life of a plant are to be illustrated. The nature of the soil, the importance of the fertilization, and the conditions essential to germination, as well as the conditions conducive to growth, can all be illustrated in a logical and impressive manner in the school garden. Field excursions may be the ideal way of conducting nature study work with reasoning minds, but with minds that are being trained to a logical system and in a consecutive and systematic fashion the school garden affords facilities not to be approached in field excursions. Field excursions offer disconnected fragments of the history of natural objects, while the school garden furnishes opportunities for observing plants from seed time to harvest.

PLANTING ON SCHOOL GROUNDS.

Charles H. Peck.

(From New York Arbor Day Manual.)

An ideal tree should be one with a sound, straight well-formed trunk, slightly tapering upward, free from branches to the full symmetrical head that it supports. This should be richly clothed with bright green, healthy foliage and bear at the proper time an abundance of beautiful, fragrant flowers,

followed in due time by a crop of useful or edible fruit. Moreover its wood should be valuable for economic purposes, and both it and the foliage should be free from the destructive and defiling attacks of parasitic insects and fungi. The tree should also be sufficiently hardy to endure without serious harm the frosts of winter and the droughts of summer. Probably no tree will satisfactorily meet all these requirements. Those that possess most of these qualities should be considered among the best for transplanting. The simplest standards by which any tree should be judged would be its hardiness, its attractiveness, and its usefulness. Any tree that lacks the first one of these qualities should be discarded. Possessing this character and either one of the others it is worthy of consideration. With this character and both the others it may be classed among the best for transplanting in school grounds.

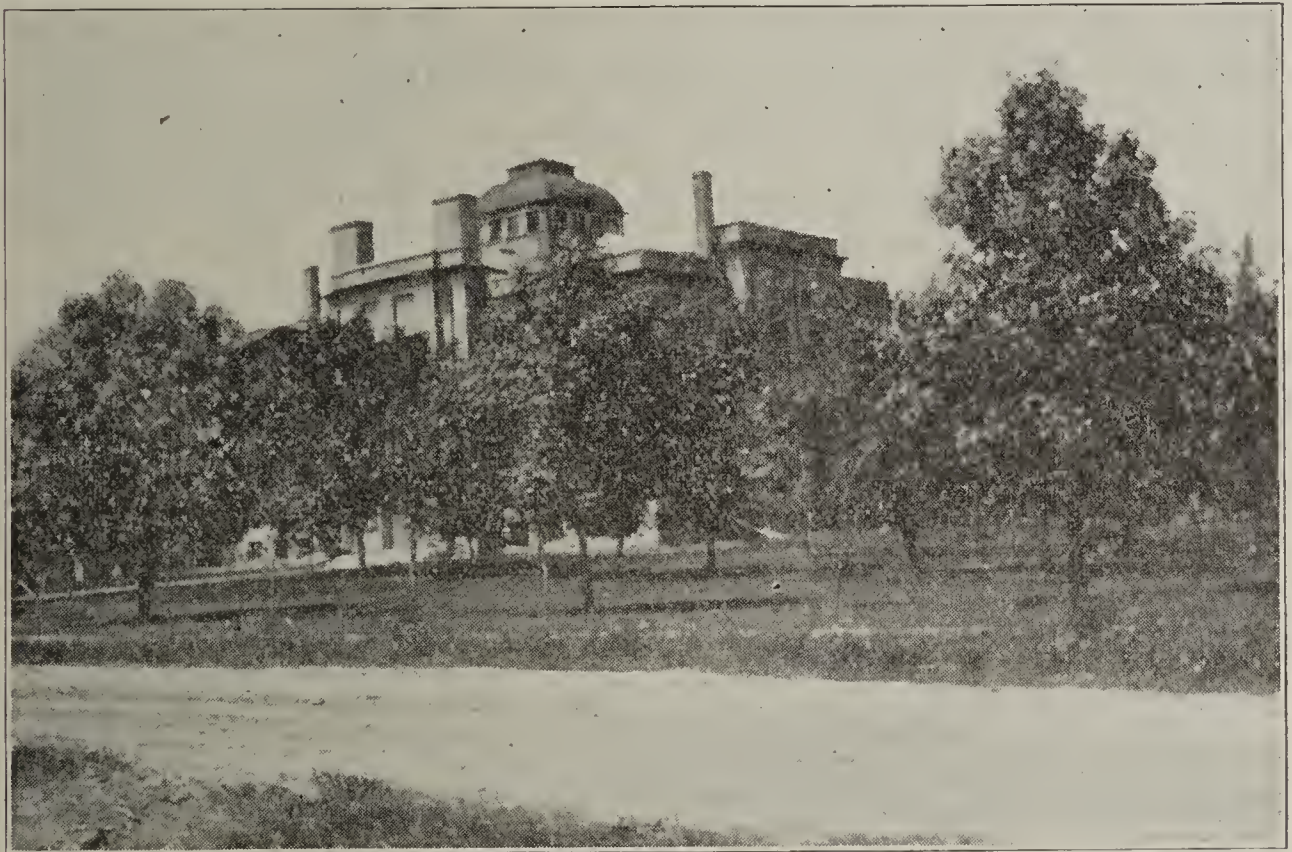
Theoretically, trees may be transplanted late in autumn, after active growth has practically ceased, or early in spring before it has been renewed. The argument in favor of fall planting is that the rains of winter and early spring settle and compact the soil about the roots of the transplanted tree so that it is in excellent condition to begin growth as soon as the weather is favorable in spring. On the other hand, common practice sanctions the transplanting of trees in spring, and the designation of Arbor Day in spring presumes that this is at least a proper time for this work. Besides, it is possible so to do the work that it may not be necessary to wait for rain to settle the earth about the roots. It is very evident of course that a very young tree may be more easily and more successfully transplanted than an old one. A mere seedling scarcely a year old may be so carefully removed with the soil undisturbed about its roots and set in another place that it will scarcely suffer any check in its growth. But such seedlings are scarcely fit to be transplanted to school grounds. Unless specially protected they would soon be trodden down and destroyed. As a general rule it would probably be best to select trees two to four feet tall for transplanting. Such trees would not all be of the same age, for some trees make a much more rapid growth the first two or three years of life than others. Some of the evergreen cone-bearing trees grow slowly at first and

then can not well endure the full light of the sun. It would be well that these should be a little older when transplanted than the others.

In considering how the transplanting is to be done we must remember that a tree is a thing of life, that it cannot be removed from its place of growth and set in another place without interfering, for a time, with the regular operation of its vital forces. For this reason the transplanting should be done at a season when the vital forces are least active, and care should be taken to avoid as much as possible all injury to the roots of the tree both in taking it up and in resetting it. The time between the two operations should be as short as possible and during the interval the roots should be entirely protected from both sun and wind by covering them with damp moss or dipping them in a thin mud made by mixing rich soil and water, and then wrapping them with a coarse damp cloth or canvas. If the removal and resetting can be done on a cloudy day so much the better. Not even the fine fibrous rootlets should be allowed to become dry. It would be well if the hole could be prepared in advance for the reception of the tree. Let it be broad enough to receive the roots without any bending or cramping. It may better be too broad than too narrow and a little deeper around the margin than in the centre. It would be better, if deep enough, that it receive a layer of rich garden soil or leaf mold three or four inches thick on which the tree may stand. A pile of similar soil should be ready as soon as the tree is put in position to sift over its roots and pack down upon and between them. Settle this soil still more about the fibrous roots by giving it a copious sprinkling with a watering pot. Finally fill the hole with soil and cover the surface with a layer of manure to act as a mulch and keep the soil moist about the roots. Put no manure in the hole nor in contact with the roots. Plant no tree so near the school-house that in after years it will unduly shade the windows and darken the schoolroom. Do not plant the trees too close to each other. Give them an abundance of room to form broad, well-shaped heads. Before taking up the tree to be transplanted it is well to cut away any slender, feeble, irregular or superfluous branches in order to reduce the head to good

shape and to diminish the demand that would otherwise be made upon the roots for support at a time when they are not able to supply the usual amount of moisture and nourishment. If the tree is an evergreen with a leading shoot do not by any means cut back or injure the leading shoot. Cut out the feeble branches and the irregular ones that may have grown between the nodes, cutting them close to the trunk that the wound may quickly heal.

The following native trees and shrubs are among the best for transplanting in our school grounds: white pine, balsam, fir, tamarack, basswood, tulip tree, sugar maple, silver maple, wild black cherry, chestnut, paper birch, cranberry tree, winterberry.



Court House and Grounds at Alexandria

IMPROVEMENT OF SCHOOL GROUNDS.

Prof. L. H. Bailey.

One's training for the work of life is begun in the home and fostered in the school. This training is the result of a direct and conscious effort on the part of the parent and teacher, combined with the indirect result of the surroundings in

which the child is placed. The surroundings are more potent than we think, and they are usually neglected. It is probable that the antipathy to farm life is often formed before the child is able to reason on the subject. An attractive playground will do more than a profitable wheat crop to keep the child on the farm.

Begin with the Fundamentals, not with the Details.—If an artist is to make a portrait, he first draws a few bold strokes, representing the general outline. He “blocks out” the picture. With the general plan well in mind, he gradually works in the incidentals and the details—the nose, eyes, beard.

Most persons reverse this natural order when they plant their grounds. They first ask about the kind of roses, the soil for snowballs, how far apart holly-hocks shall be planted. It is as if the artist first asked about the color of the eyes and the fashion of the necktie; or as if the architect first chose the color or paint and then planned his building. The result of this type of planting is that there is no plan, and the yard means nothing when it is done. Begin with the plan, not with the plants.

The place should mean something.—The home ground should be homelike, retired, and cozy. The school ground should be set off from the bare fields, and should be open enough to allow of playgrounds. It should be hollow—well planted on the side, open in the interior. The side next the highway should contain little planting. The place should be a picture, not a mere collection of trees and bushes.

Keep the Center of the Place Open.—Do not scatter the trees over the place. They will be in the way. The boys will break them down. Moreover, they do not look well when scattered over the whole area. When an artist makes a picture with many people in it, he does not place the persons one by one all over his canvas; he masses them. Thereby he secures it.

Next comes the planting. Let it be irregular and natural. First of all, cover up the outhouses. Then plant heavily on the side, or in the direction of the prevailing wind. Leave openings in your plan wherever there are views to be had of

fine old trees, attractive farm homes, a brook, or a beautiful hill or field. Throw a handful of shrubs into the corners by the steps and about the bare corners of the building. Give room for the children to play, and make the place a picture at the same time. Three or four trees may be planted near the building to shade it, but the heaviest planting should be on the sides.

The Kind of Plants for the Main Planting.—One great principle will simplify the matter; the main planting should be for foliage effects. That is, think first of giving the place a heavy border mass. Flowers are mere decorations.

Select those trees and shrubs which are the commonest, because they are the cheapest, hardiest, and most likely to grow. There is no district so poor and bare that enough plants cannot be secured, without money, for the schoolyard. You will find them in the woods, in old yards, along fences. It is little matter if no one knows their names. What is handsomer than a tangled fence-row?

Scatter in a few trees along the fence and about the buildings. Maples, basswood, elms, ashes, buttonwood, pepperidge, oaks, beeches, birches, hickories, poplars, a few trees of pine or spruce or hemlock—any of these are excellent. If the country is bleak, a rather heavy planting of evergreens above the border, in the place of so much shrubbery, is excellent.

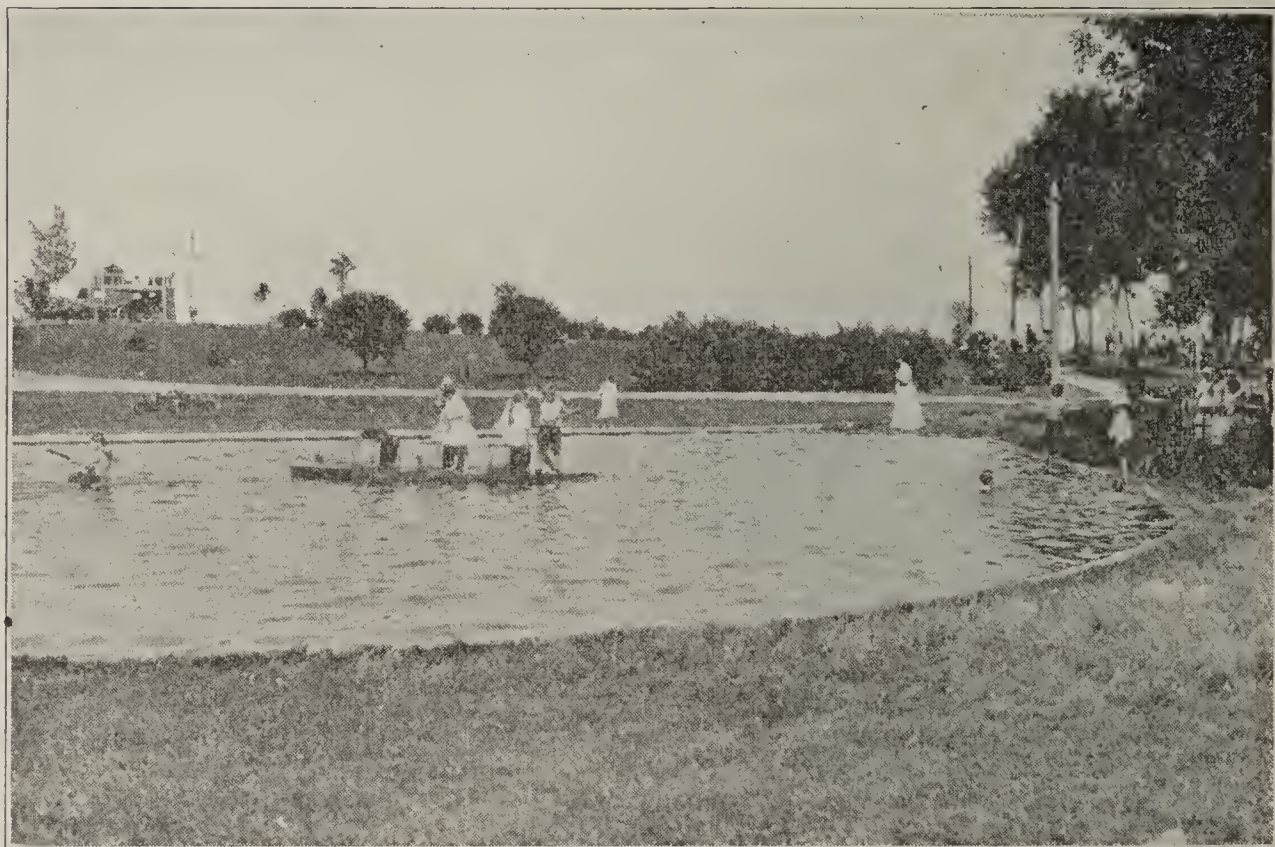
For shrubs, use the common things to be found in the woods and swales, together with roots which can be had in every old yard. Willows, osiers, elders, sumac, wild honeysuckles—these and others can be found in every school district. From the farmyards can be secured snowballs, snowberries, spireas, lilacs, forsythias, mock-oranges, roses, barberries, flowering currants, honeysuckles, and the like.

Vines can be used to excellent purpose on the outbuildings or on the school-house itself. The common wild Virginia creeper is the most serviceable.

Kinds of Plants for Decoration.—Against these heavy borders and in the angles about the building many kinds of flowering plants can be grown. The flowers are much more easily

cared for in such positions than they are in the middle of the lawn, and they also show off better. Hollyhocks are very effective.

More than one-third of all public schools will probably always be in the country. They will have most intimate relations with rural life. We must make that life attractive to the pupils. In Europe there are school gardens, and similar plans are recommended for this country. It is certainly desirable that some area be set aside for the actual cultivation of plants by the children, and for the growing of specimens to be used in the schoolroom.



McKennan Park, Sioux Falls

HINTS FOR THE FIRST SCHOOL GARDEN.

Edith Goodyear Alger.

(From "School Gardens.")

Begin early—early enough to stir up the soil; early enough to transplant all rubbish from the school grounds before it is time to plant seeds.

Have the children decide what the garden is to be, and here is a wide range; it may be a little ornamental "posy

bed'' cared for by all the children, a wild flower and fern garden of plants transplanted from woods and fields, a flower garden in which each child has a row, or a flower and vegetable garden divided into individual plots. The individual plot plan is undoubtedly to be preferred wherever practicable, and there are few villages or rural schools where there is not room for the plot system. The individual garden arouses a personal responsibility and interest invaluable to the child. The plots should be small—good results can be obtained on a plot two feet square. Large plots which overtax the children to keep in perfect condition often prove so discouraging that they are neglected.

Having agreed upon the type of garden, the location should be determined. Lead the children to study carefully the conditions of sunshine and shadow, dryness, and moisture, etc., and let them decide upon the best place for the garden, and **why**. The garden must not encroach upon the playground too much.

When these points are settled, decide how the space chosen for the garden is to be divided; the number, size, and position of the beds; number, size, and position of the walks, etc. All actual measurements and calculations should be made by the children, and plans drawn to scale.

Breaking up and fertilizing the soil, raking, staking out beds and walks, must all be done systematically, with a reason for each process.

The older children should be supplied with note-books in which to keep a written record of their work in the garden.

It is best to select for cultivation in the first school garden a few varieties of very common vegetables, and hardy, easily grown flowers. Class-room study of the seeds and instruction regarding planting should be given before planting takes place. Some kinds of seeds may be given to the children to plant in boxes at home before it is time to plant out-of-doors, and the seedlings thus secured transplanted at the proper time.

Work in the school garden should be conducted in an orderly, intelligent manner—the children should always understand, not only what they are doing, but also just why it has

to be done. Avoid planting so much land or so many kinds of seeds that care and careful study cannot be given to the garden and all it contains.

Remember that the best crop to be gathered from the school garden is the live interest in plant life, and the love of wholesome, useful, out-of-door work gained by the children.

OUTLINE FOR THE STUDY OF A TREE.

(By J. R. Clarke, Supervisor of Agricultural Education,
Columbus.)

1. History:
2. Descriptions:
 - (a) Outline.
 - (b) Trunk.
 - (c) Branching.
 - (d) Roots.
 - (e) Flower or Bloom.
3. The Trunk:
 - (a) Shape.
 - (b) Divisions.
 - (c) Bark.
 - (d) Special marks or features;
Designating marks.
 - (e) Uses.
4. Branching:
 - (a) Branchlets.
 - (b) Directions and shapes.
 - (c) Terminations.
 - (d) Buds.
 1. Position.
 2. Structure.
 3. Scales—kinds and numbers.
 4. Flower buds.
 5. Leaf buds.
 6. Pomology.
5. Leaves:
 - (a) Kinds.
 - (b) Shapes of leaves for different trees.

- (c) Color.
 - (d) Positions.
 - (e) Duration, or life.
 - (f) When appearing; when falling.
6. Care of Tree:
- (a) Of trunk.
 - (b) Of roots.
 - (c) Of branches.
 - (d) Of blossoms.
 - (e) Of leaves.
7. The Fruit:
- (a) Kinds.
 - (b) How produced.
 - 1. In the wild.
 - 2. Domesticated.
 - (c) How cared for in growth.
 - (d) How preserved.
 - 1. Naturally.
 - 2. Artificially.
 - (e) Uses.
8. Miscellaneous:
- (a) Habitat.
 - (b) Season.
 - (c) Soils.
 - (d) Propagation.
 - (e) Growth.
 - (f) Cultivation.
 - (g) Climate influence on it.
 - (h) Special uses.
 - (i) Special characteristics.
9. Planting:
- (a) When.
 - (b) Where.
 - (c) How take up.
 - (d) How move.
 - (e) How dig the hole.
 - (f) How place in the hole.
 - (g) Tamping.
 - (h) How trim and why.

- (i) How care for the newly planted trees.
- (j) Selection: Of fruit trees;
shade trees; why.
- (k) Spraying and fertilizing.
- 10. Pruning: Fruit trees; shade trees.
- 11. Tree Diseases:
 - (a) Kinds.
 - (b) Cure.
 - (c) Prevention.
 - (d) Sprays.
 - (e) Tree surgery.
- 12. Encouragement of the planting of trees:
 - (a) Why.
 - (b) How.
 - (c) Organize tree clubs.
- 13. Forests:
 - (a) Public.
 - (b) Private.
 - (c) Uses.
- 14. Historic Trees:
 - (a) Local.
 - (b) State.
 - (c) National.
 - (d) International.

Directions for Using the Outline.

1. Assign parts of it to each pupil in the school.
2. Have the part so well studied that the information can be told, not read.
3. Excuse no pupil; give each pupil such a part as he can perform.
4. Have collections of the flowers, fruits, leaves, roots, parts of trunks. Mount them for permanent use.
5. Certainly have real pruning, planting and demonstrations of spraying.
6. Make special study of budding, grafting, and other means of propagation.
7. Select such parts of this outline as will be specially adapted for the program and have them in the Arbor Day exercises.

8. Make much of the study of the local trees; of any of the above items of special local interest.



Queen Bee Mill and Part of the Falls
of the Sioux at Sioux Falls

THE CELEBRATION OF ARBOR DAY.

Moncure D. Conway.

(Extract from Letter.)

It is a great pleasure to think of the young people assembling to celebrate the planting of trees, and connecting them with the names of authors whose works are the further and higher products of our dear old Mother Nature. An Oriental poet says of his hero:

Sunshine was he in a wintry place,

And in the midsummer coolness and shade.

Such are all true thinkers, and no truer monuments of them can exist than beautiful trees. Our word book is from the beech tablets on which men used to write. Our word Bible is from the Greek for bark of a tree. Our word paper is from the tree papyrus—the tree which Emerson found the most interesting thing he saw in Sicily. Our word library is from

the Latin *liber*, bark of a tree. Thus literature is traceable in the growth of trees, and was originally written on leaves and wooden tablets. The West responds to the East in associating great writers with groups of trees, and a grateful posterity will appreciate the poetry of this idea as well while it enjoys the shade and beauty which the schools are securing for it.

HE WHO PLANTS AN OAK.

Washington Irving.

He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing, and benefiting mankind long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man.

With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman should be; a refuge for the weak—a shelter for the oppressed—a defense for the defenseless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power.

THE SPIRIT OF ARBOR DAY.

Frank A. Hill.

The spirit of Arbor Day is that of a deep love for trees—a love that includes their beauty on the one hand and their service on the other. This love has a thousand aspects and a thousand degrees, for the beauty and the service that call it forth are as varied as the trees that grow and the needs of earth and man to which they so admirably minister. There is the beauty of the stately pine, the rugged oak, the graceful elm. There is the service of the fragrant eucalyptus that

brings health to the deadly Campagna, of the versatile palm that makes habitable the waste places of the tropical belt, of the humid forest that holds back the waters of the rainy season to bless the dry that follows after. The problems of the trees are also without number. There is the problem of the East—to save its forests where now they abound. There is the problem of the West—to make forests abound where now they are unknown. A forest murderously ruined by the lumberman's axe is like a field of battle when the fighting is over—a sight to make humanity weep. Not so the forest that springs into life from the treeless plain. And so the mission of Arbor Day varies as the trees themselves. One blessed thing however, is common to all the Arbor Days of the land we love, and that is the spirit to make the most of God's useful and beautiful trees.

ARBOR DAY ASPIRATIONS.

John Ruskin.

We will try to make some small piece of ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it. We will have flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance and sing it; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art; and little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us—nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting gifts of gold and frankincense.

FOR POSTERITY.

Alexander Smith.

A man does not plant a tree for himself, he plants it for posterity. And, sitting idly in the sunshine, I think at times of the unborn people who will, to some small extent, be indebted to me. Remember me kindly, ye future men and women!

THE DISCIPLINE OF GARDENING.

John William Cole.

There is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden, and a right discipline of the mind, that it is almost impossible for any thoughtful person that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices from the mind, where they will be as sure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds, in a neglected piece of ground.

And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixed, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominant in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

PLANT TREES.

J. Wilson.

The young should plant trees in recognition of the obligations they owe to those who planted trees for them. The old should plant trees to illustrate their hope for the future, and their concern for those who are to come after them. The economist should plant trees, especially in the prairie country, and beautify the landscape and ameliorate the sweep of the north wind. And as we plant trees on Arbor Day a kindred feeling to that experienced on the Fourth of July should possess us. For the time being we are one in mind; we are one people engaged in something to do good to mankind.

WASTE PLACES.

Gen. Samuel F. Cary.

Imparting to waste places more than their pristine beauty and associating the names of departed loved ones with our work is a poetic and sublime conception. It symbolizes our faith in a resurrection to a higher and better life when the hard struggles of this sin-cursed world are passed.



View in the Bad Lands near Interior

THE COMMONEST DELIGHT.

Charles Dudley Warner.

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing one can do.

PLANT A TREE.

Lucy Larcom.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love.
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea;
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, lath, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free—
We plant all these when we plant a tree.

—Henry Abbey.

THE HEART OF THE TREES.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of the sun and sky;
He plants the flag of the breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that flush and fade again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;

The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessing on the neighborhood.
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart, who plants a tree.

—Henry Cuyler Bunner.



View from Mt. Tamaha, near Hisega, in the Black Hills

THE VOICE OF THE PINE.

Richard Watson Gilder.

'Tis night upon the lake. Our bed of boughs
Is built where, high above, the pine-tree soughs.
'Tis still—and yet what woody noises loom
Against the background of the silent gloom!

One well might hear the opening of a flower
If day were hushed as this. A mimic shower
Just shaken from a branch, how large it sounded,
As 'gainst our canvas roof its three drops bounded!
Across the rumpling waves the hoot-owl's bark
Tolls forth the midnight hour upon the dark.
What mellow booming from the hills doth come?
The mountain quarry strikes its mighty drum.

Long had we lain beside our pine-wood fire,
From things of sport our talk had risen higher.
How frank and intimate the words of men
When tented lonely in some forest glen!
No dallying now with masks, from whence emerges
Scarce one true feature forth. The night-wind urges
To straight and simple speech. So we had thought
Aloud; no secrets but to light were brought.
The hid and spiritual hopes, the wild,
Unreasoned longings that, from child to child,
Mortals still cherish (though with modern shame)—
To these, and things like these, we gave a name;
And as we talked, the intense and resinous fire
Lit up the towering boles, till nigh and nigher
They gathered round, a ghostly company,
Like beasts who seek to know what men may be.

Then to our hemlock beds, but not to sleep—
For listening to the stealthy steps that creep
About the tent, or falling branch, but most
A noise was like the rustling of a host,
Or like the sea that breaks upon the shore—
It was the pine-tree's murmur. More and more
It took a human sound. These words I felt
Into the skyey darkness float and melt:
"Heardest thou these wanderers reasoning of a time
When men more near the Eternal One shall climb?
How like the new-born child, who cannot tell
A mother's arm that wraps it warm and well!
Leaves of His rose; drops in His sea that flow—

Are they, alas! so blind they may not know
Here, in this breathing world of joy and fear,
They can no nearer get to God than here?"

THE LEGEND OF THE MAPLE.

When, on the world's first harvest day,
The forest trees before the Lord
Laid down their autumn offerings
Of fruit, in golden sunshine stored,

The maple only, of them all,
Before the world's great harvest king
With empty hands, and silent, stood.
She had no offering to bring.

(For in the early summer time,
While other trees laid by their hoard,
The maple winged her fruit with love
And sent it daily to the Lord.)

Then ran through all the leafy wood
A murmur and a scornful smile;
But silent still the maple stood,
And looked, unmoved, to God the while.

And then, while fell on earth a hush
So great it seemed like death to be,
From his white throne the mighty Lord
Stooped down and kissed the maple tree.

At that swift kiss there sudden thrilled
In every nerve, through every vein,
An ecstasy of joy so great
It seemed almost akin to pain.

And then, before the forest trees
Blushing and pale by turns, she stood;
In every leaf, now red and gold,
Transfigured by the kiss of God.

And still when comes the autumn time,
And on the hills the harvest lies,
Blushing, the maple tree recalls
Her life's one beautiful surprise.

—E. L. Ogden.

FROM "TREES IN PROSE AND POETRY."

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

—William Wordsworth.

PUSSY WILLOW.

Pussy Willow wakened
From her winter nap
For the frolic Spring Breeze
On her door would tap.

"It is chilly weather
Though the sun feels good;
I will wrap up warmly;
Wear my furry hood."

Mistress Pussy Willow
Opened wide her door;
Never had the sunshine
Seemed so bright before.

Never had the brooklet
Seemed so full of cheer;
"Good morning, Pussy Willow,
Welcome to you, dear!"

Never guest was quainter;—
Pussy came to town
In a hood of silver gray
And a coat of brown.

Happy little children
Cried with laugh and shout,
“Spring is coming, coming,
Pussy Willow’s out!”

—Kate L. Brown.

LITTLE EVERGREENS, GROW!

Hey! little evergreens,
Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn time,
Hasten along.
Harvest the sunbeams, then,
Bind them in sheaves,
Range them and change them
To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
Far, far below,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up so airily
To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
Tawny and brown;
By and by, buffeting,
Rains will pelt down,
By and by, bitterly,
Chill winds will blow.
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Gather all uttermost
Beauty, because—
Hark, till I tell it now—

Compliments of

C. H. LUGG

Superintendent of Public Instruction

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1900

How Santa Claus,
Out of the northern land,
Over the seas,
Soon shall come seeking you,
Evergreen trees!
Seek you with reindeer, soon,
Over the snow.
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

What if the maple flare
Flaunting and red,
You will bear waxen-white
Tapers instead.
What if now, elsewhere,
Birds are beguiled,
You shall yet nestle
The little Christ-child!
Ah, the strange splendor
The fir tree shall know.
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

THE WAYSIDE INN.

I halted at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending—
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.
Mine host—it was an apple tree—
He smilingly received me,
And spread his sweetest, choicest fruit
To strengthen and relieve me.
Full many a little feathered guest
Came through his branches springing;

They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the leaves
With whispers low caressed me.

And when I rose and would have paid
My host so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I blessed him and departed.

—Translated from Johann Ludwig Uhland.

THE TREE.

Jones Very.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold:
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen,
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam, when most we need their love.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—Thomas Hood.

A SONG.

Away on a northern mountain
A lonely pine is found;
A mantle of white infolds him,
And ice and snow surround.

He dreams of a distant palm tree,
That, far in the southern land,
Keepeth a sorrowful silence,
Alone, 'mid the burning sand.

—Translated from Heine.



View from Buzzard's Roost, near Hisega, in the Black Hills

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

The mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,
By a brookside or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn;—the pool

Glow at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her.

William Wordsworth, From "The Excursion."—

From
GOD OF THE OPEN AIR.

Henry Van Dyke.

While the tremulous leafy haze on the woodland is spreading,
And the bloom on the meadow betrays where May has been
treading;

While the birds on the branches above, and the brooks flowing
under,

Are singing together of love in a world full of wonder,
(Lo, in the marvel of Springtime, dreams are changed into
truth!)

Quicken my heart, and restore the beautiful hopes of youth.

By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long migration
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature's breast!)

Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.

From
THE FAUN.
Richard Hovey.

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the present publishers, Duffield & Co.)

Hist! there's a stir in the brush.

Was it a face through the leaves?

Back of the laurels a scurry and rush

Hillward, then silence, except for the thrush

That throws one song from the dark of the bush

And is gone; and I plunge in the wood, and the swift soul cleaves

Through the swirl and the flow of the leaves,

As a swimmer stands with his white limbs bare to the sun

For the space that a breath is held, and drops in the sea;

And the undulant woodland folds round me, intimate, fluctuant,
free,
Like the clasp and the cling of waters, and the reach and the
effort is done;
There is only the glory of living, exultant to be.

Oh, goodly damp smell of the ground!
Oh, rough, sweet bark of the trees!
Oh, clear, sharp cracklings of sound!
Oh, life that's a-thrill and a-bound
With the vigor of boyhood and morning and the noontide's
rapture of ease!

Was there ever a weary heart in the world?
A lag in the body's urge, or a flag of the spirit's wings?
Did a man's heart ever break
For a lost hope's sake?
For here, there is lilt in the quiet and calm in the quiver of things.
Ay, this old oak, gray-grown and knurled,
Solemn and sturdy and big,
Is as young of heart, as alert and elate in his rest,
As the oriole there that clings to the tip of the twig
And scolds at the wind that it buffets too rudely his nest.

A FAMOUS COUPLET.

Alexander Pope.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

First take a willow bough,
Smooth, and round, and dark,
And cut a little ring
Just through the outside bark.

Then tap and rap it gently,
With many a pat and pound,
To loosen up the bark,
So it may turn around.

Slip the bark off carefully,
So that it will not break,
And cut away the inside part,
And then a mouth-piece make.

Now put the bark all nicely back,
And in a single minute,
Just put it to your lips
And blow the whistle in it.

—Anonymous.

SONG.

Thomas Love Peacock.

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grows by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

LIFE'S FOREST TREES.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The day grows brief; the afternoon is slanting
Down to the west; there is no time to waste.
If you have any seed of good for planting,
You must; you must make haste.

Not as of old do you enjoy earth's pleasures
(The only joys that last are those we give.)
Across the grave you cannot take gains, treasures;
But good and kind deeds live.

I would not wait for any great achievement;
You may not live to reach that far-off goal.
Speak soothing words to some heart in bereavement—
Aid some up-struggling soul.

Teach some weak life to strive for independence;
Reach out a hand to some one in sore need.
Though it seem idle, yet in their descendants
May blossom this chance seed.
On each life path, like costly flowers faded
And cast away, are pleasures that are dead;
Good deeds, like trees, whereunder, fed, and shaded,
Souls yet unborn may tread.

WOOD.

Julia Rogers.

Trees grow, therefore wood is cheaper than metals. It is easily worked with tools into desired shapes and sizes. It is held securely by nails and by glue. It is practically permanent when protected by paint; under water or in the ground it outlasts metal. Its strength and lightness adapt it to various uses. Its lightness makes it easy to handle. It preserves the flavor of wines as no other material can do. It is a non-conductor of heat and electricity. Many woods are marked by patterns of infinite variety and beauty, whose very irregularities constitute an abiding charm. To this is added a fine blending of colors and a lustre when polished that give woods a place in the decorative arts that can be taken by no other substance.

THE FOREST.

Henry D. Thoreau.

(From "The Maine Woods.")

Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?

OUT IN THE FIELDS.

The little cares that fretted me,—
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—
Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



Big Stone Lake, looking east from Chautauqua Grounds

SOME SMALL SWEET WAY.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter.
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Author not known.

THE OAK.

A little of my steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,—
That the world's blast may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below,
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

—Lowell.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

When first the crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden mold,
And folded green things in dim woods uncloze
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and shine
Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and brier,
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.



Rapid Creek at Hisega

AN ANGLER'S WISH.

Henry Van Dyke.

(From "The Builders and other Poems," copyright 1897, by
Charles Scribner's Sons.)

When the tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air

Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes towards sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow—

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

2.

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plow.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
And in the same array of flame
The dandelion show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees;
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

3.

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,

While on the wing the blue-birds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,

Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm,
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.

How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

4.

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;

No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record—or my line:

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,

Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools and try my art:

No more I'm wishing—old fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

William Cullen Bryant.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

APPLE-SEED JOHN.

Poor Johnny was bended well-nigh double
 With years of toil, and care, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
 Of doing for others some kindly deed.

“But what can I do?” old Johnny said;
“I who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would.”

The old man sat thinking deeply a while,
Then over his features gleamed a smile,
Then he clapped his hands with a boyish glee,
And said to himself, "There's a way for me!"

He worked, and he worked with might and main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along, and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in ev'ry hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well, and left them there
In keeping of sunshine, rain and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass,
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,
He heard the owls hoot and the prairie dogs bark.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb
Came striding along and walked with him;
And he who had food shared with the other,
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was filled,
And looked at the holes the white man drilled,
He thought to himself 'twas a silly plan
To be planting seed for some future man.

Some times a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sung right well;
He tossed up the babes, and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty, in work or play,
Men, women, and boys all urged him to stay;
But he always said, "I have something to do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him round,
Soon found what it was he put in the ground;
And so, as time passed and he traveled on,
Ev'ry one called him "Old Apple-seed John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hill-side and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy;
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,
He knew he was working for future years.

He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have been found;
That a flick'ring play of light and shade
Would dance and glimmer along the glade.

That blossoming sprays would form fair bowers,
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;
And the little seeds his hands had spread
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.
He said at the last "'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, though not a great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest;
And they often start, with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on,
"These trees were planted by Apple-seed John."
—Lydia Maria Child. "St. Nicholas," June 1880.



South Dakota Central Railroad Bridge at Sioux Falls

ARBOR DAY ALPHABET.

(For Twenty-six Small Children.)

(Let each child wear or carry his letter, made of green leaves, and, as far as possible, carry branches or twigs of the tree of which he speaks.)

A is for apple tree, sweet with bloom,
Or laden with golden fruit.

B is for beech, with thick, cool shade,
And the birches of ill repute.

C is for chestnut and cedar fair,
And cypress, where sorrows abide.

D is for dogwood, whose fair white tents
Are pitched by the riverside.

E is for elm, New England's pride;
True patriot's love they stir.

F is for fig tree of the South,
And the cone-shaped northern fir.

G is for gum tree, so well known
To southern girls and boys.

H is for hemlock, steadfast tree,
And for holly with Christmas joys.

I is for ironwood, firm and strong,
And the ivy that twines around.

J is for juniper, low and green,
Where purple berries are found.

K is for king of the forest grand,
The oak must wear the crown.

L is for thorny locust, the larch,
And the linden of fair renown.

M is for maple, favorite one,
The queen of all the trees.

N is for Norway pine, which still
Is whispering to the breeze.

O is for orange, blooming for brides,
And the olive, yielding rich oil.

P is for poplar, reaching high,
And the palm of the southern soil.

Q is for quince, in our gardens low,
With its fruit so sour and green.

R is for redwood, giant trees,
The largest that can be seen.

S is for spruce, bright evergreen,
And the silvery sycamore.

T is for tulip tree, broad and high,
With its beautiful tulip-like flower.

U is for upas, tropical tree,
With its fabled poisoned air.

V is for vines that cling to the tree,
For friendship, strength, and care.

W is for walnut, dark and firm,
And for willow, faithful and true.

X is for xanthoxylum, bitter bane
Whose virtue is strengthening power.

Y is for yew tree, dwelling alone,
Friendless and sad we know.

Z is for zenith, the point above,
Toward which the trees all grow.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

AN ARBOR DAY TREE.

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,

For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust's and katydid's concert hall,
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

—Unknown.

THE MYTH OF THE SONG-SPARROW.

His mother was the Brook, his sisters were the Reeds,
And they every one applauded when he sang about his deeds.
His vest was white, his mantle brown, as clear as they could be,
And his songs were fairly bubbling o'er with melody and glee.
But an envious Neighbor splashed with mud our Brownie's
coat and vest,
And then a final handful threw that stuck upon his breast.
The Brook-bird's mother did her best to wash the stains away,
But there they stuck, and, as it seems, are very like to stay.
And so he wears the splashes and the mud blotch as you see,
But his songs are bubbling over still with melody and glee.

—Ernest Seton-Thompson. From Bird-Lore, by permission of the MacMillan Co.

FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
And dusty roads go up and down,
And people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I could see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships—

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings are alive.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

PLANT TREES.

(Lines written for an agricultural exhibition in 1858 by John
G. Whittier.)

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grape by the river's side,
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the Powow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad creative skill,—
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these humble hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need,
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed,
May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all!

For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late to all that sow,
A time of harvest shall be given;
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lanier.



The Woods along the Missouri near Pierre

O DREAMY, GLOOMY, FRIENDLY TREES.

O dreamy, gloomy, friendly Trees,
I came along your narrow track
To bring my gifts unto your knees,
And gifts did you give back;
For when I brought this heart that burns—
These thoughts that bitterly repine—
And laid them here among the ferns
And the hum of boughs divine,
Ye, vastest breathers of the air,
Shook down with slow and mighty poise
Your coolness on the human care,
Your wonder on its toys,
Your greenness on the heart's despair,
Your darkness on its noise.

—Herbert Trench.

PINE NEEDLES.

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs
And thimbles made of dew.

—William H. Hayne.

THE DANDELION CYCLE.

“Pretty little Goldilocks, shining in the sun,
Pray, what will become of you when the summer’s done?”

“Then I’ll be old Silverhead; for, as I grow old,
All my shining hair will be white instead of gold.

“And where rests a silver hair that has blown from me,
Other little Goldilocks in the Spring you’ll see!

“Goldilocks to Silverhead, Silverhead to Gold,
So the change is going on every year, I’m told.”

—E. P.

BIRD THOUGHTS.

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well,
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other,
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find.
I said: “The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind.”

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors.
I don’t know how the world **is** made,
And neither do my neighbors,

—Unknown.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sushine
“And creep to the light.”
“Wake!” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

—Kate L. Brown.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RHYME.

This is the Tree of the forest.

This is the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the Log—to the river's side
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide

Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

These are the saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone knows,
Wielded the Ax whose heavy blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

These are the boards, so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone knows,
Wielded the Ax whose heavy blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the Carpenter, skillful and strong,
Who planed all the Boards so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the House with its windows and doors
With timbers and rafters and roofs and floors,
Which was built by the Carpenter, skillful and strong,
Who planed all the Boards so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide

Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the family—All are here—
Father and mother and children dear,
Who live in the House with windows and doors,
With timbers and rafters and roofs and floors,
Which was built by the Carpenter, skillful and strong,
Who planed all the Boards so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side,—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

—Emilie Poulsson. From "In the Child's World."

A WOODLAND MELODY.

When the world is all aweary with its rumble and its toil;
When the daily grind of commerce brings a grumble from the soil;
When the city hums a discord to the yearnings of the soul—
Then I long to hear the waters of some woodland river roll;
Then I sigh to roam the forest just to hear its branches sway
In a symphony of Nature, as the zephyrs gently play;
Just to listen to the music in the whisper of the trees;
Just to feel the breath of freedom as it floats upon the breeze.

From fairy caves of fragrance flows the gladness far and near,
And airy waves of cadence sound a rhapsody of cheer.
Every living thing rejoiceth and the notes are all atune,
From the clatter of the squirrel to the feathered mother's croon.
On a distant log, mysteriously, a partridge drums away,
As a warbler from its aerie pipes a merry roundelay;
Intermingled strains of sweetness from a silvery-throated thrush;
There a lonely owl is hooting. Then, a breathless, death-like hush,
Till the woods and waters echo with the clarion of a loon—
Oh, what ecstasy of pleasure in a simple woodland tune!

In the pastimes of a people there are joys of many kinds;
In the turmoil of a city there are charms for many minds;
But when the heart is heavy with life's struggle and its care,
When all the world about us seems a desert of despair—
Then how good it is to ramble where the winds and waters roll
And the harbingers of Nature with their gladness fill the soul.

—John C. Wright, in Michigan "Arbor and Bird Day."



Rapid Creek, near Hisega, Black Hills

A SONG OF THE FOREST.

When city air stifles and heat demons blow,
To the wilds of the North let the lorn mortal go—
There Nature in fullness proclaims to the earth
A season of pleasure, of joy and of mirth.
The birds are all singing their sweetest refrains,
The grasses and leaves have replied to the rains,
And o'er hilltops and valleys, by rivulets sheen,
Have woven a carpet of loveliest green.
The voices of Nature sing softly and sweet
To the slaves of the city—the serfs of the street;
“Come, come to the North, where the wild flowers grow,

Where the whippoorwill calls and bay breezes blow;
Come, follow the birds in their northerly flight,
Come, join in their carols and share their delight."
The pewits, the thrashers, the bluejays and all
That rejoice in God's freedom unite in the call;
E'en the lone little cricket sings loudly and clear
His bright gladsome message of welcome and cheer:
"Come with me! Come with me!" is the plea he
pours forth,
"Oh, come, and be glad in the woods of the North!"
—John C. Wright, in Michigan "Arbor and Bird Day."

PLANTING TIME.

Planting time has come around,
Time to dig and rake the ground;
I'm to have a garden, too,
Won't I have just lots to do!

Grandpa gave me seeds to-day,
And I put them safe away
In the warm soft garden bed
With the sunshine overhead.

I'll have corn and beans and peas,
And potatoes, if you please;
When we come to hot July,
Maybe you will want to buy!

—Frances Kirkland.

APRIL.

Frost in the meadow, fog on the hill;
Bluebird and robin sing with a will.

Up thru the brown earth, spite of the cold,
Comes Lady Crocus, in purple and gold.

Shy little Snowdrop, dressed like a bride,
Nodding and trembling, stands by her side.

Daffodowndilly slips out of bed,
With a buff turban crowning her head.

Slim Mr. Jonquil comes on the run.

“Pray, am I up in time for the fun?”

—Emily Huntington Miller, in “Harper’s Young People.”

SUPPOSE.

How dreary would the meadows be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn’t a bird to sing
And suppose the grass was white!
And dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees.

—Author not Known.

THE CHILD IN SUMMER.

I wonder why the wind runs on the hedge
In just the way I’d have it run,
And why it moves among the friendly trees
As if it had no one but me to please.
Everything I see the breezes do
Seems always just the way I want it done.

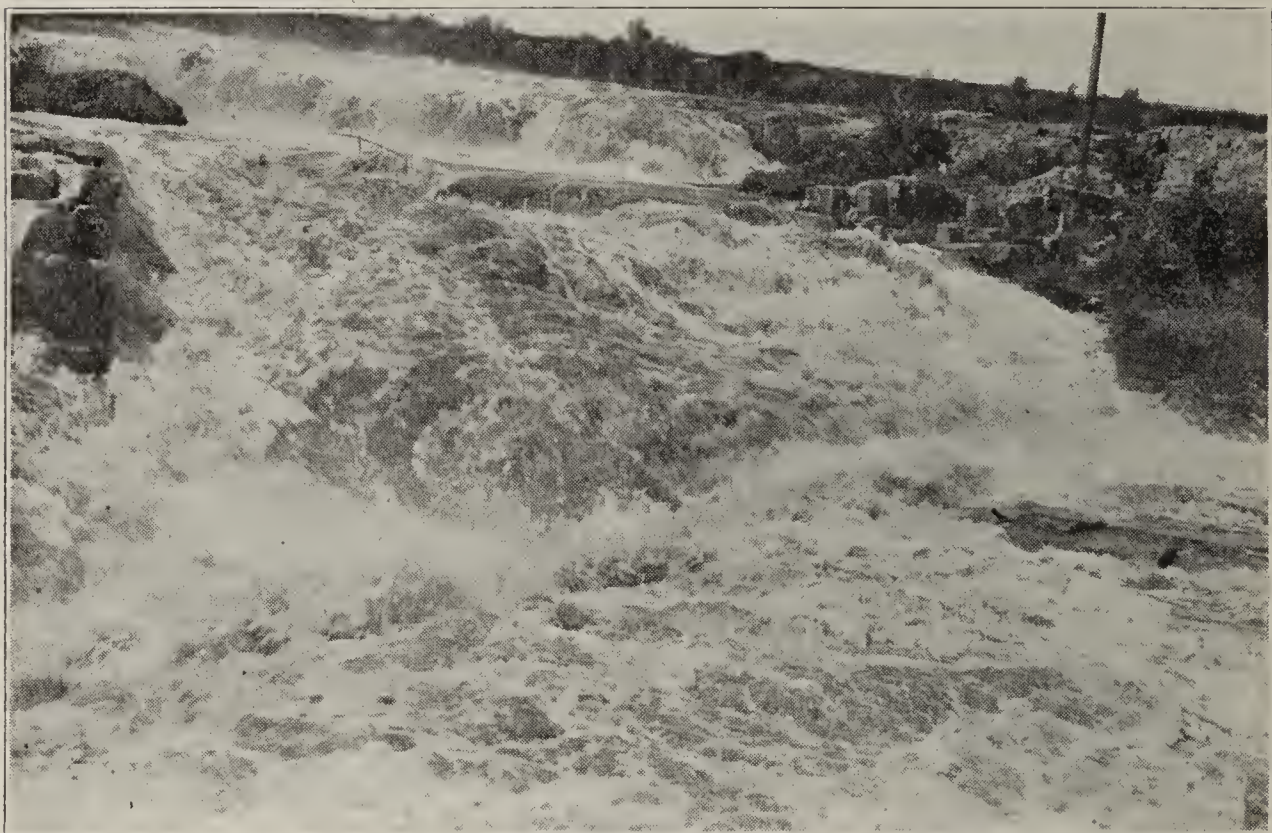
Whenever all the flowers droop and die
And I make blossoms of my own,
I’ll make them just like these a-growing now;
I love them so, I will remember how.
And if there’s no one else to call them sweet
They’ll still keep growing sweet for me alone.

—Lyman Bryson in the “Independent.”

THE GREAT ARTIST.

Whence came thy beauty, little flower,
Hidden in the grass alone,
Whence came thy beauty and what power

Hath made thee fairer than the stone?
Who hath traced with delicate etching
Tints of the morning fair,
Who all summer hath been sketching
On thy fair petals beauty rare?
Who can paint the first faint flush of morning
Or trace the last expiring glow of day,
What canvas to the master hand conforming
Can give the flush of life to cold and senseless clay?
None, there is but one great artist,
He dwelleth up on high,
His are living pictures
Pleasing to every eye.
—Davis B. Johnson, in "Ohio Educational Monthly."



Rapids in the Sioux at Sioux Falls

EARTH AND INFINITY.

There's part o' the sun in an apple;
There's part o' the moon in a rose;
There's part of the flaming Pleiades
In every leaf that grows.
Out of the vast comes nearness;

For the God whose love we sing
Lends a little of his heaven
To every little thing.

—Augustus Wight Bomberger, in the "Outlook."

THE THISTLE, THE THORN AND THE WEED.

Here's to the thistle, the thorn and the weed,
The nettle and briar and all of the breed!
Incentives to effort and spurs to brave deed,
Here's to the thistle, the thorn and the weed!

With nothing to combat, no foes to o'ercome,
Earth's glorious voices perhaps had been dumb;
The centuries would end as the centuries begun,
And mankind might lie dozing, like cats in the sun.

In battle and bloodshed brave heroes are born,
And always the midnight precedeth the morn,
Through struggle and effort we rise to our best,
And only the weary appreciate rest.

By conflict and combat we measure our might,
And ever, by usage, the blade is kept bright;
Earth's wonderful forces will come to our aid,
If we struggle undaunted with souls undismayed.

So forth to do battle with error and sin,
The forces of evil without and within,
For wisdom and conscience, for life and for death,
Determined our efforts shall end but with breath.

Through troubles and trials, through tumult and strife,
Through clamor and clangor and ashes of life,
The soul will arise to its highest estate,
And glorified stand at the Heavenly gate.

So here's to the thistle, the thorn and the weed,
The nettle and briar and all of the breed!
Incentives to effort and spurs to brave deed,
Here's to the thistle, the thorn and the weed!

—Irene Pomeroy Shields, in Moderator Topics.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul would reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the life full speech.

THE TREES—AND US.

If we could shed our years
As trees their leaves,
How vain the scalding tears,
The care that grieves,
If we could do as they,
Return in spring
Unto the silver May
Of burgeoning!

O, life were all that men
Could long for then!
And dreams were all as true
As skies of blue!
These years that go so fast,
What would we care,
If when the gates were past,
Our spring smiled there!

If we could fade and die
As yon wide-spreading beech,
With Spring's ethereal sky
Within our reach,
And feel as it does—sure
Of life renewed and sweet
In Mays of laughter pure,
So we could smile to meet
The death we must endure!
—The “Bentztown Bard” in “Baltimore Sun”

SPRING.

A little bit of blowing
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,

And crocuses will show.
On every twig that's lonely a new green leaf will spring;
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and sing.

A little bit of sleeting,
A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting,
A snowdrop come again.
And every frozen hillside its gift of grass will bring,
And every day of winter another day of spring.
—Carolyn S. Bailey, in St. Nicholas.

TREES.

“I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

“A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet glowing breast;

“A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

“A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

“Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

“Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.”

—Joyce Kilmer.



View in Sherman Park, Sioux Falls

A HYMN FOR ARBOR DAY.

God save this tree we plant!
And to all nature grant
 Sunshine and rain.
Let not its branches fade,
Save it from axe and spade,
Save it for joyful shade,
 Guarding the plain.

When it is ripe to fall,
Neighbored by trees as tall,
 Shape it for good.
Shape it to bench and stool,
Shape it for square and rule,
Shape it for home and school,
 God bless the wood.

Lord of the earth and sea,
Prosper our planted tree,
 Save with Thy might.
Save us from indolence,

Waste and improvidence,
And in Thy excellence,
Lead us aright.

—Lucy Larcom.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

—Woodsworth.

FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

—Emerson.

THE APPLE-WOOD FIRE.

There's nothing seems to me so good
As just the smell of apple wood.
And it's not very hard to tell
Why I so love that woodsy smell;
It makes me think of everything
The summer and the country bring;
And when it burns, it shines as bright
As lovely yellow sunshine light.
Oh, I'm so glad this little blaze
Can bring me back the summer days!

—Caroline Hofman in "St. Nicholas."

ARBOR DAY.

When April winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of rain,
When sunbeams flit between the mists,
Comes Arbor Day again!

O, busy are we children—
There is so much to do!
The planting never will be done
Unless we're working, too.

We do our work together;
The sun, the winds, the showers,
Are helpers that your Father sends,
And all are friends of ours.

So when the sunbeams brighten,
And April breezes stray;
When raindrops find the daisy's root,
Once more 'tis Arbor Day.

—Colorado Special Days.

WHY WE PLANT THE TREE.

First Pupil.

We plant the tree for the shade it gives;
For the shade of a leafy tree
On a summer's day when the hot sun shines
Is a pleasure for all to see.

Second Pupil.

We plant the tree for the wood to use
In winter to keep us warm,
And for hall and church and store and house,
To have shelter from the storm.

Third Pupil.

We plant the tree to please the eye,
For who does not like to see
Whether on hill or plain or dale,
The beauty of a tree?

Fourth Pupil.

We plant the tree for the dear birds' sake,
Where they can take their rest,
While the mate sings songs of love and cheer
To the mother on her nest.

—Primary Education.

ANTICIPATION.

I am going to plant a hickory tree,
And then when I am a man,
My boys and girls may come and eat
Just all the nuts they can!

And I shall say, "My children dear,
This tree that you enjoy
I set for you one Arbor Day,
When I was but a boy."

And they will answer, "Oh, how kind
To plant for us this tree!"
And then they'll crack the fattest nuts,
And give them all to me!

—Youth's Companion.

THE FRIENDLY TREES.

I will sing of the bounty of the big trees,
They are the green tents of the Almighty,
He hath set them up for comfort and for shelter.

Their cords hath he knotted in the earth,
He hath driven their stakes securely.
Their roots take hold of the rocks like iron.

He sendeth into their bodies the sap of life,
They lift themselves lightly toward the heavens.
They rejoice in the broadening of their branches.

Their leaves drink in the sunlight and the air,
They talk softly together when the breeze bloweth,
Their shadow in the noon-day is full of coolness.

The tall palm-trees of the plain are rich in fruit,
While the fruit ripeneth and the flower unfoldeth,
The beauty of their crown is renewed on high for ever.

The cedars of Lebanon are fed by the snow,
Afar on the mountain they grow like giants,
In their layers of shade a thousand years are sighing.

How fair are the trees that befriend the home of man,
The oak, the terebinth, and the sycamore,
The broad-leaved fig-tree and the delicate silvery olive.

In them the Lord is loving to his little birds,
The linnets and the finches and the nightingales,
They people his pavillions with nest and with music.

The cattle also are very glad of a great tree,
They chew the cud beneath it while the sun is burning,
And there the panting sheep lie down around their
shepherd.

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.

Lord, when my spirit shall return to thee,
At the foot of a friendly tree let my body be buried,
That this dust may rise and rejoice among the branches.
—From "The Poems of Henry Van Dyke," copyright, 1911, by
Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

ARBOR DAY ACROSTIC.

(Each child carries a letter at the beginning of a line.)

Alders in the river glancing at their curls,
Rush of silver raindrops pelting them with pearls,

Bow of seven colors following up the shower,
Orchard underneath it twisting into flower,
Ripple of the rain again on each budded bough—
Pit-pat, patter, hear it pouring now.

Dance of dainty sunbeams on the meadow grass,
Arbutus awakening, calling as you pass,
Yellow-gold of crocuses by the garden-way—

(All) By signs like these know all the trees
that it is Arbor Day.

—Newark Shade Tree Commission.

THE-OUT-OF-DOOR-BOY.

The out-of-door-boy is the fellow for me,
Who finds a companion in mountain and sea;
Who likes to go camping, who likes to be near
His good mother nature all thro' the long year.
Who never complains when a rough spot is met,
Whose flag at the masthead of honor is set,
Who's strong in his labor and strong in his play,
Who has an ambition to better each day.

The boy who loves nature and all that she lends,
And with all creatures living is bound to be friends—
He may be a huntsman or fisher, and still
Be prince of the river and king of the hill.
The out-of-door-boy is the fellow for me,
Who betters his pastimes whatever they be;
May he grow in his numbers till every boy
Is an out-of-door scholar, partaking its joy.

—Selected.



Where the Drainage Ditch empties into the Sioux River
below the Penitentiary at Sioux Falls

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

“You think I am dead,”
The Apple-tree said,
“Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I’m all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root.”

“You think I am dead,”
The quick grass said,
“Because I have started with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow’s thick blanket over me laid.
I’m all alive and ready to shoot,

Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

“You think I am dead,”
A soft voice said,
“Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide,
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.”
—Edith M. Thomas in *St. Nicholas*.

THE TREE'S FRIEND.

“Oh, the tree loves me,” sang the tiny flower,
“For he shades me all the day,
From the sun's fierce heat or the pelting rain
And content at his feet I stay.”

“Oh, the tree loves me,” sang the happy bird,
“My nest on his mighty arm
Is fastened safe, and my babies rock
In their cradle safe from harm.”

“Oh, the tree loves me,” sang the little child,
“For he gives me blossoms sweet,
Then the sun shines warm on his laden boughs
Till the ripe fruit drops at my feet.”
—Gaynor's “Songs of the Child World.”

THE POPULAR POPLAR TREE.

When the great wind sets things whirling,
And rattles the window-panes,
And blows the dust in giants
And dragons tossing their manes;

When the willows have waves like water,
And children are shouting with glee;
When the pines are alive and the larches,—
Then hurrah for you and me,
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of the
popular poplar tree!

Don't talk about Jack and the Beanstalk—
He did not climb half so high!
And Alice in all her travels
Was never so near the sky!
Only the swallow, a-skimming
The storm-cloud over the lea
Knows how it feels to be flying
When the gusts come strong and free
In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of the
popular poplar tree!
—Ohio Arbor and Bird Annual.

OUR THREE FAVORITES.

The oak is a strong and stalwart tree,
And it lifts its branches up
And catches the dew right gallantly
In many a dainty cup.
But the world is brighter and better made,
Because of the woodman's stroke,
Descending in sun or falling in shade,
On the sturdy form of the oak.

The elm is a kind and goodly tree,
With its branches bending low,
The heart is glad when its form we see,
As we list to the river's flow.
Ay! the heart is glad and pulses bound,
And joy illumines the face
Whenever the goodly elm is found,
Because of its beauty and grace.

The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,
And claimeth our love anew,

When the days are listless, and quiet and long,
And the world is fair to view.
And later—as the beauties and graces unfold—
A monarch right royally drest,
With streamers aflame and pennons of gold,
It seems of all the best.
—California Arbor Day Annual.

WHAT THE LITTLE BIRD SAID.

A little bird perched on my window sill,
And swayed and swung in the morning breeze;
And this is the song that he sung to me—
“Oh, what would we do if there were no trees?

“Where would we build our pretty nests,
If never a tree in the whole land stood?
Where would we hang our cradles up
To rock our dear little baby brood?

“In the cracks of the bark on the good old trees
We find the insects we like to eat;
And the green leaves crowded on branch and twig
Shelter us from the sun’s fierce heat.

“Little girl, little boy,” the birdie sang,
As he spread his bright wings to fly away,
“If you truly love your feathered friends,
Plant trees for the birds on Arbor Day.”
—Virginia Baker.

UNDER THE TREES.

When the Summer Days are bright and long
And the little birds pipe a merry song,
’Tis sweet in the shady woods to lie
And gaze at the leaves and the twinkling sky,
Drinking the while the rare cool breeze,
Under the trees, under the trees.

When winter comes and the days are dim,
And the wind is singing a mournful hymn,
'Tis sweet in the shady woods to stray
And tread the dead leaves into clay;
Thinking of all life's mysteries,
Under the trees, under the trees.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace, they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong;
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.

—R. H. Stoddard.

THE TREE.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone

Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:

"Shall I take them away"? said the Wind, as he swung.

"No, leave them alone

Till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:

Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see;

Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—Bjornstjerne Bjornson. From "Nature in Verse."

To avert treelessness; to improve the climatic conditions; for the sanitation and embellishments of home environments; for the love of the beautiful and useful combined in the music and majesty of a tree as fancy and truth unite in an epic poem, Arbor Day was created. It has grown with the vigor and beneficence of a grand truth, or a great tree.

—J. Sterling Morton.



Swimming Pool, Sherman Park, Sioux Falls

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.”

—Woodsworth.

CLOVERS.

The clovers have no time to play;
They feed the cows and make the hay,

And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,

And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake, and wash their hands in dew,

And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry,

And then to work the whole long day;
For clovers have no time to play.

—Helen Lemming Jelliffe.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE.

The lily has an air,
And the snow drop a grace,
And the sweet pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

—Christina Rosetti

MRS. WASP AND MRS. BEE.

Said Mrs. Wasp to Mrs. Bee:

“Will you a favor do for me?
There's something I can't understand;
Please, ma'am, explain it to me.

“Why do men build you a house,
And coax you to go in it,
While me, your cousin, they'll not let
Stay near them for a minute?

“I have a sting, I do confess,
And should not like to lose it;
But so you have, and when you're vexed
I'm very sure you use it.”

“Well,” said the Bee, “to you, no doubt,
It does seem rather funny;
But people soon forget the stings
Of those who give them honey.”

—American Bee Journal.

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns, and scratched everything 'round;
“I'll just try,” said she,
“How bad I can be;
At pricking and scratching, there's few can match me.”

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers were pure white;
But all who came nigh her,
Were so worried by her,
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking, one day,
At her neighbor, the Violet, over the way;
“I wonder,” said she,
“That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see.”

A sober old Linnet who sat on a tree
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:
“'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

“But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind;
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill-treat,
And to bird, bee, and butterfly always is sweet.”

The gardener's wife just then the pathway came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown:
“Oh dear! what a tear!

My gown's spoiled, I declare!
That troublesome Brier!—it has no business there;
Here, John, grub it up, throw it into the fire;"

And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

—Mrs. Anna Bache, in Teachers' Magazine.

NOT I.

In spring I'm afraid to venture about;
Indeed, I am often dismayed;
For every big bud is ready to shoot,
And I'm such a coward I surely would scoot
Should even a flower its pistil present
In fun or in earnest. I'd not be content
To watch the young grass as it brandished its blade,
Nor quietly stand when the bull-rush is out.

Not I. —M. G. Kains.

A FATUOUS FLOWER.

Once on a time a Bumblebee
Addressed a Sunflower. Said he:
"Dear Sunflower, tell me is it true
What everybody says of you?"

Replied the Sunflower: "Tell me, pray,
How should **I** know what people say?
Why should I even care? No doubt
'Tis some ill-natured tale without
A word of truth; but tell me, Bee;
What **is** it people say of me?"

"Oh no!" the Bee made haste to add;
"'Tis really not so very bad.
I got it from the Ant. She said
She'd **heard** the Sun had turned your head.
And that whene'er he walks the skies
You follow him with all your eyes
From morn till eve—"

"Oh, what a shame!"
Exclaimed the Sunflower, aflame,

“To say such things of me! They know
The very opposite is so.

“They know full well that it is he—
The Sun—who always follows me.
I turn away my head until
I fear my stalk will break; and still
He tags along from morn till night,
Starting as soon as it is light,
And never takes his eyes off me
Until it is too dark to see!
They really ought to be ashamed.
Soon they’ll be saying I was named
For him, when well they know ’twas he
Who took the name of Sun from me.”

The Sunflower paused, with anger dumb.
The Bee said naught, but murmured,
“H’M!”

’Twas very evident that he
Was much impressed—this Bumblebee.
He spread his wings at once and flew
To tell some other bees he knew,
Who, being also much impressed,
Said, “H’m!” and flew to tell the rest.
And now if you should chance to see,
In field or grove, a Bumblebee,
And hear him murmur, “H’m!” then you
Will know what he’s alluding to.

—Oliver Herford

THE DIFFICULT SEED.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
“Now which of all the flowers around.”
It mused, “shall I come out?”

The lily’s face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;

The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then, its fashion's old.

The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the canterbury-bell,—
I never cared for blues.

Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.

—Mildred Howells.

THE DAISIES.

You very fine Miss Molly,
What will the daisies say,
If you carry home so many
Of their little friends today?

Perhaps you take a sister,
Perhaps you take a brother,
Or two little daisies who
Were fond of one another.

HUMMING BIRDS.

I think it is a funny thing
That some birds whistle, others sing.
The Warbler warbles in his throat,
The Sparrow only knows one note;
But he is better off than some,
For Humming Birds can only hum.

—Rhymes for Real Children.

THE FORGETFUL FORGET-ME-NOT

(To be given by two children in costume.)

The Professor.

Pray tell me, sweet Forget-me-not,
Oh, kindly tell me where you got
Your curious name?
I'm most desirous to be told
The legend or romance of old
From whence it came.

Forget-me-not.

Indeed, good sir, it seems to me,
If you have books on Botany
Upon your shelf,
You'd better far consult those books—
He learns a thing the best who looks
It up himself.

The Professor.

I've works on Botany a few,
But though I've searched them
Through and through,
Never a word
Can I discover in the same
About your interesting name.

Forget-me-not.

Why, how absurd!

The Professor.

Quite so! And now what can I do?
I shall be most obliged if you
Will make it plain.

Forget-me-not.

Another time. One moment more,
And you'll be drenched!
It's going to pour;
I felt just now no less than four
Big drops of rain.

(Exit Professor.)

Forget-me-not.

(Aside) Indeed, I'd tell him if I knew;
But it would never, never do
If I explained
That, long ago, I quite forgot
Why I was called Forget-me-not.
(It's well it rained)!

—Oliver Herford.

THE GYPSY DAISIES.

(Song for little girls sitting in semi-circle on stage
holding daisies.)

(Air—"Comin' Through the Rye.")

(Holding up flowers.)

Have you seen the gypsy daisies
Camping on the hills—
All in little grass-green dresses
And such pretty frills?

(Spring up with bow and courtesy.)

Each one drops her little curtsey,
Says bright-eyed and bold,
"As you're comin' through the daisies,
Have your fortune told."

(Pulling out petals one by one.)

So each laughing little lassie
Picks a little flower.
Pulls its pretty petals slowly,
Drops them in a shower.

Pulls the petals slowly—slowly—
From its heart of gold,

(Looking up smiling.)

And, a-comin' through the daisies,
Has her fortune told.

—Selected.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

I hear from many a little throat,
A warble interrupted long;
I hear the robin's flute-like note,
The bluebird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill
Are all alive with birds.

—Bryant.

TREES.

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn small
Lay dormant 'neath a summer sky.

—Selected.

THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, along the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg.

THE THREE WISE OWLS.

There were three owls in Kankakee,
And they were wondrous wise:
They perched upon a hollow tree, and goggled with
their eyes

And when a cruel huntsman came, those three
wise owls to slay

They goggled so reproachfully he turned and ran away.

—John Bennett.

IN AN APPLE TREE.

In September, when the apples are red,
To Belinda I said,
“Would you like to go away
To Heaven or stay
Here in this orchard full of trees
All your life?” And she said, “If you please
I'll stay here—where I know,
And the flowers grow.”

THE GRASS.

The grass so little has to do,—
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;
And thread the dewes all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine—
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away,—
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!

—Emily Dickinson.

Said the Maple to the Pine,
“Don’t you want a dress like mine,
Turning into gorgeous colors in September?”

“Well,” replied the little Pine,
“I will own it’s very fine
While it lasts you;—but how is it in December?”

“I’m contented to be seen
In this handsome dress of green;
And to change it I don’t see sufficient reason.”

“But, dear Maple,” said the Pine,
“Don’t **you** want a dress like mine,
That will last and look as well in any season?”

“No, I thank you, little Pine,”
Said the Maple; “I decline,
Since for autumn reds and yellows I’ve a passion.”

“Those green dresses look so strange
When the Oaks and Beeches change.
Why, I couldn't bear to be so out of fashion!”

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?

A blooming apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring?

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring,
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,

Half the beauty, color, wonder of the spring.

No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

—William Wesley Martin.

A WAYSIDE FABLE.

Arranged for a Group Reading Exercise.

1. One still midwinter night the trees from up and down the whole long road met at the crossways. They were very beautiful trees, but they were much disfigured by gaudy, unsightly signs, advertising all sorts of things to sell.

2. In the great company of trees there were vigorous, maples, fragrant evergreens, and noble oaks. There were graceful elms and shady beeches. There were fruit trees, nut trees, and many other favorites of the country roadside.

3. Merry little Christmas trees scrambled down from the hill tops to join in the excitement. Cheery whistle-willows and frolicksome pussy-willows danced along after the others. They were all eager to know what was going on. They wondered why the grown-up trees were so very anxious and unhappy.

4. A venerable pine who had long been a landmark and leader spoke first:

“Old friends, through years of storm and sunshine we have guarded this long road. We have united to make its many winding miles a delight to all who pass this way. Joyously we have offered fair blossoms, pleasant fruits, refreshing shade, and protecting shelter. We have spread a soft, fragrant carpet over the rough path. We have welcomed all singing birds and jesting squirrels to our branches that travelers might share music and mirth.

“By true kindness we have tried to merit such love as men of old had for the trees of the wood. But we have utterly failed. Our human neighbors give us neither affection nor protection. In return for our choicest gifts our well-grown trunks are marred by these great patches of strange substances without beauty, use, or meaning,—that we can discover.

“Passers-by no longer delight in the peaceful charms of the wayside. They seem to see only the ugly parasites which perplex and deform us.”

5. Just then an old apple tree, which was leaning over a stone wall, called out in a hearty, jovial tone:

“Surely, good neighbors, this is a droll mistake! Those patches which annoy and puzzle you contain human speech. They are labels telling the kind of fruit men wish you to yield. The troublesome labels will disappear when you succeed in growing the fruit they describe. I know this because in my younger days a short piece of human speech was bound to my slender trunk. It had the words ‘Sheep Nose.’ As soon as I began to form fruit of that graceful pattern the label fell to the ground. Yearly, I grow ‘Sheep Noses’ and I am beloved by the entire neighborhood.”

6. These encouraging words seemed very wise. The trees decided to make one great effort to follow the jolly apple tree’s example. They proposed that each tree should grow fruits like the objects named in the signs nailed to it. They hoped by doing this to win gratitude and protection. And so they did—but not in the way they expected.

7. Some wise young birches that lived near the school-house spelled out and explained to the trees the meaning of the signs that had caused such trouble and despair. The trees then returned to their usual positions in groups and rows along the highway. All the little on-lookers scampered back to their places to be in order for sunrise.

8. Months passed by. The winds began to sing the songs of autumn. Boys and girls went out to gather gay branches, nuts and fruits. Little children went out to play in the leaves, and everybody else went out to enjoy the crisp air and pleasant sunshine. They came to the long road. But there were no brilliant branches, no beautiful carpets of rustling leaves, no tempting fruits, no glossy nuts, no fragrant cones.

9. In place of these expected treasures the tree hung full of odd little growths like soaps, pills, yeast cakes, tooth-ache remedies, and many other articles named on the signs which had long defaced the trees.

It was like a queer, topsy turvey dream. No one could make pretty wreaths of bright leaves, for the leaves were trying to be corn plasters, or fly paper, or pan cakes, or some

other absurd thing, and none at all were just leaves. Everything was most unnatural and wholly disagreeable.

10. The trees held out their grotesque offerings in triumph. They whispered in satisfaction: "Now will old and young be glad! These are the gifts they most desire. Now indeed will they love and protect us!"

But the people were amazed and horrified. In spite of past neglect the trees were truly very dear to all. Immediately the friends of the trees aroused to action. They tore down the unsightly signs and destroyed them—every one. Then the trees understood and were glad.

11. Soon a great wind came that shook the trees free from all the false fruit. And a great flood came that washed like a river the road. It swept away every trace of the unwelcome harvest.

When springtime returned the joyful trees blossomed into miles and miles of rarest loveliness. And no one was ever again permitted to deface the trees of the long road.

—Edith G. Alger, Rhode Island Arbor Day Booklet.

THE TREE THAT TRIED TO GROW.

Francis Lee.

One time there was a seed that wished to be a tree. It was fifty years ago, and more than fifty—a hundred, perhaps.

But first there was a great bare granite rock in the midst of the Wendell woods. Little by little, dust from a squirrel's paw, as he sat upon it eating a nut; fallen leaves, crumbling and rotting—and perhaps the decayed shell of the nut—made earth enough in the hollows of the rock for some mosses to grow; and for the tough little saxifrage flowers, which seem to thrive on the poorest fare, and look all the healthier, like very poor children.

Then, one by one, the mosses and blossoms withered, and turned to dust; until, after years, and years, and years, there was earth enough to make a bed for a little feathery birch seed which came flying along one day.

The sun shone softly through the forest trees; the summer rain pattered through the leaves upon it; and the seed felt wide awake and full of life. So it sent a little, pale-green stem up into the air, and a little white root down into the shallow bed of earth. But you would have been surprised to see how much the root found to feed upon in only a handful of dirt.

Yes, indeed! And it sucked and sucked away with its little hungry mouths, till the pale-green stem became a small brown tree, and the roots grew tough and hard.

So, after a great many years, there stood a tall tree as big around as your body, growing right out upon a large rock, with its big roots striking into the ground on all sides of the rock, like a queer sort of wooden cage.

Now, I do not believe there was ever a boy in this world who tried as hard to grow into a wise, or a rich or a good man, as this birch seed did to grow into a tree, that did not become what he wished to be. And I don't think anybody who hears the story of the birch tree, growing in the woods of Wendell, need ever give up to any sort of difficulty in this way, and say: "I can't." Only try as hard as the tree did, and you can do everything.

A SURPRISE.

Mr. Chipmunk was playing among the trees one lovely autumn day, when he came across such a pile of delicious looking acorns!

"What a feast!" he cried. "I'll cover these acorns and keep them until spring, for I have nuts enough in my store-room for my winter's use; when they are gone I'll come for these."

The little acorns heard him talking to himself, and laughed softly: "Ha, ha, Mr. Chipmunk! Spring is a long way off, and you cannot be so sure of finding your acorns then. Mother Oak Tree has told us that if we go to bed like good children, and lie very still, something beautiful and wonderful will happen to us when the warm spring days come."

The little acorns lay very quiet where Mr. Chipmunk had put them. Soon they could hear the cold winds blowing, but the brilliant leaves, falling, made a beautiful warm coverlet for them.

Then Jack Frost came, and the snow fell softly on their bed like white wool. The wind singing through the trees, lulled them to sleep, and they had a long, long nap.

When they awoke it was warm and sunny.

“It must be nearly time for us to throw off these heavy blankets and stretch up where we can see the sky, for I can feel the sun’s warm rays,” said one. “And I can move!” cried another. “Oh!” exclaimed a third, “I have burst my brown shell, and now I am reaching up!”

Soon the little roots had grown deep into the earth, and the tiny green shoots had pushed their way through the darkness to a bright, glorious world—a world very different from the cold, dark earth they had known before!

There were beautiful flowers and green grasses all around them and tiny new leaves on the trees, and birds singing on the branches, and the acorn shoots hardly knew Mother Oak Tree, she was so gay in her new spring gown of green.

The little shoots were very happy, for they knew that they were to grow taller and more beautiful each year, like their grand and stately mother who stood nearby.

Mr. Chipmunk came running along one day soon after this, looking for his acorns. When he reached the place where the baby oaks grew he looked in amazement, for he was sure that they stood in the very spot where he had hidden his nuts.

“Well,” he said, after thinking a long, long time, “perhaps some hungry little chipmunk found my acorns and carried them home. But who can have put all these green things here, I wonder?”

—Sue Clarke Kimball.

THE WASHINGTON ELM.

At the north end of the Common in Old Cambridge stands the famous Washington Elm, the most famous of American trees. It is of goodly proportions, but as far as girth of trunk and spread of branches constitute the claim upon our respect, there are many nobler specimens of the American elm in historic Middlesex.

Extravagant claims have been made with regard to its age, but it is extremely improbable that any tree of this species has ever rounded out its third century. When Governor Winthrop and Lieutenant-Governor Dudley, in 1630, rode along the banks of the Charles in quest of a suitable site for the capital of their colony, it is barely possible that the great elm was in being. The life of the tree, however, probably does not date farther back than the last quarter of the seventeenth century. In its early history there was nothing to distinguish it from its peers of the greenwood. When the surrounding forest fell beneath the ax of the woodman, the trees conspicuous for size and beauty escaped the general destruction; among these was the Washington Elm; but there is no evidence that it surpassed its companions.

But when troublous times came, and the murmurings of discontent were voicing themselves in more and more articulate phrase, the old tree must have been privy to a good deal of treasonable talk—at first whispered, with many misgivings, under the cover of darkness: later, in broad daylight, fearlessly spoken aloud. The smoke of bonfires, in which blazed the futile proclamation of a king, was wafted through its branches. It saw the hasty burial, by night, of the Cambridge men who were slain upon the nineteenth of April, 1775; it saw the straggling arrival of the beaten, but not disheartened, survivors of Bunker Hill; it saw the Common—granted to the town as a training field—suddenly transformed to a camp, under General Artemas Ward, commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts troops.

The crowning glory in the life of the great elm was at hand. On the twenty-first of June, Washington, without allowing himself time to take leave of his family, set out on horseback from Philadelphia, arriving at Cambridge on the second of July. Sprightly Dorothy Dudley in her Journal describes the exercises of the third with the florid eloquence of youth.

“Today, he (Washington) formally took command, under one of the grand old elms on the Common. It was a magnificent sight. The majestic figure of the General, mounted upon his horse beneath the wide-spreading branches of the patriarch tree; the multitude thronging the plain around, and the houses

filled with interested spectators of the scene, while the air rung with shouts of enthusiastic welcome, as he drew his sword, and thus declared himself Commander-in-chief of the Continental Army.’’

Great events which mark epochs in history bestow an imperishable dignity even upon the meanest objects with which they are associated. When Washington drew his sword beneath the branches, the great elm, thus distinguished above its fellows, passed at once into history, henceforth to be known as the Washington Elm.

Under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

The elm was often honored by the presence of Washington, who, it is said, had a platform built among the branches, where, we may suppose, he used to ponder over the plans of the campaign. The Continental Army, born within the shade of the old tree, overflowing the Common, converted Cambridge into a fortified camp. Here, too, the flag of thirteen stripes for the first time swung to the breeze.

These were the palmy days of the elm. When the tide of war set away from New England, the Washington Elm fell into unmerited neglect. The struggling patriots had no time for sentiment; and when the war came to an end they were too busy in shaping the conduct of the government, and in repairing their shattered fortunes, to pay much attention to trees. It was not until the great actors in those days were rapidly passing away that their descendants turned with an affectionate regard to the enduring monuments inseparably associated with the fathers.

On the third day of July, 1875, the citizens of Cambridge celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of Washington’s assuming command of the army. The old tree was the central **figure** of the occasion. The American flag floated above its topmost branches, and a profusion of smaller flags waved amid the foliage. Never tree received a more enthusiastic ovation.

It is inclosed by a circular iron fence erected by the Reverend Daniel Austin. Outside the fence, but under the branches, stands a granite tablet erected by the city of Cambridge, upon which is cut an inscription written by Longfellow:

Under this tree
Washington
First took command
of the
American Army,
July 3d, 1775.

Never has tree been cherished with greater care, but its days are numbered. A few years more or less, and, like Penn's Treaty Elm and the famous Charter Oak, it will be numbered with the things that were.

LIST OF NOTED TREES.

The Elm Tree at Philadelphia under which William Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of barbarians.

The Charter Oak at Hartford which preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the Colony of Connecticut.

The wide-spreading Oak tree of Flushing, Long Island, under which George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, preached.

The lofty Cypress tree in the Dismal Swamp under which Washington reposed one night in his young manhood.

The huge French Apple tree near Ft. Wayne, Ind., where Little Turtle, the great Miami chief, gathered his warriors.

The Elm tree at Cambridge in the shade of which Washington first took command of the Continental army, on a hot summer's day.

The Tulip tree on King's Mountain battlefield in South Carolina on which ten bloodthirsty Tories were hanged at one time.

The tall Pine tree at Ft. Edward, N. Y., under which the beautiful Jane McCrea was slain.

The magnificent Black Walnut tree near Haverstraw on the Hudson at which General Wayne mustered his forces at mid-

night, preparatory to his gallant and successful attack on Stony Point.

The grand Magnolia tree near Charlestown, S. C., under which General Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

The great Pecan tree at Villere's plantation, below New Orleans, under which a portion of the remains of General Packenham was buried.

The Pear trees planted, respectively, by Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, and Governor Stuyvesant, of New York, more than two hundred years ago.

The Freedman's Oak, or Emancipation Oak, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, under which the slaves of this region first heard read President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

The Eliot Oak of Newton, Mass., under which the apostle, John Eliot, taught the Indians Christianity.

The old Liberty Elm of Boston planted and dedicated by a school-master to the independence of the colonies, and the rallying point for patriots before, during and after the Revolutionary war.

The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, N. Y., planted the day Burgoyne was brought there a prisoner.

The Ash and Tulip trees planted at Mt. Vernon by Washington.

The Elm tree planted by General Grant on the Capitol Grounds at Washington.

Sequoia—Palo Alto, California.

The Cary Tree planted by Alice and Phoebe Cary in 1832, a large and beautiful Sycamore seen from the Hamilton turnpike, between College Hill and Mt. Pleasant, Hamilton County, Ohio. —American Civic Association of Philadelphia.

WHAT I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ROADS.

That the middle of the road should be higher than the sides, to let the rain run into the gutters.

That loose stones should never be allowed to lie in the road. They are a source of danger.

That a rut or hole should not be allowed in the road. It should be filled with small stones from the stone heap.

That only small stones should be used in repair. MacAdam's rule was that no stone should be placed in a road which the workman could not put in his mouth.

That dust becomes mud after the first shower.

That mud forms a blanket that prevents the road from drying.

That trees and bushes along well-built roads make traveling pleasant for horses and men.

Children should be taught such simple principles of road building as the above, that they may be intelligent as to the road conditions under which they live.

—From "Good Roads Arbor Day."

MACADAM AND HIS PRINCIPLES.

Telford and Tresaguet modified the old Roman road building, but they both retained the idea of using large stones in the foundation of the road. MacAdam came forward with the principle that the natural soil is able to support traffic, and while it is dry it will sustain any weight.

Drainage and waterproof covering were all he asked for a good road. Simple, isn't it? A house with water in its cellar and a leaking roof is not a good investment, for it is neither pleasant nor a healthful habitation. A road with an undrained foundation, inviting every rain to soften it, every frost to heave it, is not a good investment. People avoid it. MacAdam raised roads in the middle so the water would drain to the gutters on the sides, and then he put on a covering of tiny angular stones that by the pressure of travel became a compact waterproof covering. All roads so built are known as MacAdam roads.

Charles Dickens wrote: "Our shops, our horses' legs, our boots, our hearts have all been benefited by the introduction of MacAdam."

—From "Good Roads Arbor Day."

THE INVITATION.

Come on, brother, take it easy—for a day,
Let's be truants, blithe and breezy, out for play;
Here's a spot for pleasant dreaming
 Where the slender birches sway;
Here's a pool where trout are gleaming
 If your thoughts for fishing stray;
Rest a bit from toil and scheming, and we'll play.

Here the air is soft and hazy; it's a crime
Not to linger and be lazy for a time.
So, while summer skies are warming
 And the heart beats all in rhyme,
Let us steal a day from farming,
 From our daily grit and grime;
Let us stop where life is charming, for a time.

Then when we have rested, neighbor,
 Loafed and loitered for a day,
We'll go back again to labor,
 All the better for our play.

—Berton Braley.



In the Black Hills near Sheridan

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD.

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown
Alluring up and enticing down.

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through.

These are the joys of the open road
For him who travels without a load.

—Bliss Carman. By permission of Small, Maynard
& Co., Boston.

SOUTH DAKOTA BIRDS.

By Prof. Craig S. Thoms, University of South Dakota.

It used to be the fashion to regard birds in a somewhat sentimental way. They were appreciated and loved because their plumage was beautiful, their songs cheery, and their ways pleasing. This is, indeed, the best angle from which to regard the birds; but of late years their economic value has been emphasized. Several pamphlets have been published by the United States Department of Agriculture, stating what percent of insects, weed seeds and other food each species consumes.

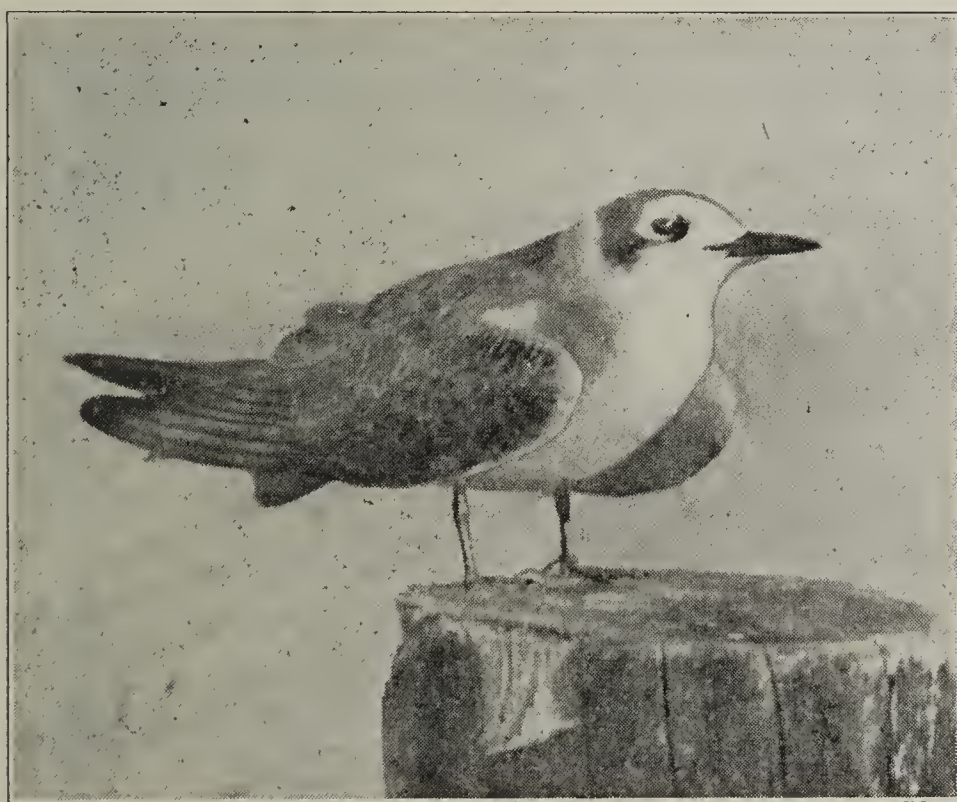
Farmer's bulletin, No. 113, is especially valuable in this regard, and also because it has pictures of fifty different birds in their natural colors, and by means of which identification is easy. The University of South Dakota recently sent for a supply of these bulletins and will be glad to send them to any one writing for them upon receipt of 15c, which is the cost price; or they may be secured by sending directly to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Every school in the state should have a supply of these bulletins, and give one to every child manifesting an interest in birds.

It is practically impossible to write of South Dakota birds in such a way as to interest equally every bird lover in the state. South Dakota, with its tree-skirted rivers and grove-encircled homes in the eastern part; its rolling, treeless prairies in the central part; and its mountainous Black Hills in the extreme west, provides bird-habitats so diverse that many birds of one section are not to be found in either of the others.

The Black Tern.

Some birds are seen over wide ranges during migration, and of these the black tern is one. Wherever lakes or ponds are found this graceful bird is seen in the spring flying back



The Black Tern

and forth over the surface of the water, and lighting for rest on fences that run through sloughs or swamps. They feed on dragonfly nymphs, fish-eating beetles and crawfish, all of which are enemies to our food fishes. It devours also insects of various kinds—grasshoppers, May flies, dragonflies, gnats, and several harmful beetles. It catches few fishes, and these are either minnows or fishes of little economic value. The black tern is not only a beautiful and graceful bird, but a bird of marked economic value to farmers.

These birds are found on every lake in the central states, and love to follow the fisherman and feed upon the discarded minnows that he throws overboard. Indeed, if one will hurl a dead minnow into the air as one of these birds approaches his boat while fishing, the black tern will often take it in mid air.

This tern is not very wild, but comes familiarly about piers, and often rests for a time on boats floating at anchor. The picture here presented was taken as the bird rested on a pier post, and was secured by slow approach, with the camera in hand.

The Brown Thrasher.

The brown thrasher is often confused with the wood thrush. "Splitting the difference" in names, many speak of either bird as the "brown thrush." Nearly all thrushes are brown, but no bird in South Dakota ought to be called the brown thrush. We have the **brown thrasher** and the **wood thrush**.

The brown thrasher is a bird of the brush pile, the hedge row or the underbrush, in any of which it may build its nest. If these are near our homes the bird will come freely upon the open lawn. It is to be distinguished from the wood thrush by its yellow eye-rims, long tail, skulking manner, and rusty brown color. As already indicated, its nest is preferably in brush pile or bush, rather than in a tree, although I have found the nest of this bird on the ground beside a pasture thistle. It seems to seek association with thorns in its nesting site. The four eggs are dark-brown spotted.

The thrasher, though not our best singer, is our most pretentious one. His song is not an incidental matter, but a real performance. The favorite perch while singing is the tip top

of a high tree where, especially at sunset, he sings by the half-hour. If one has the good fortune to hear two singing at the same time he may note that their voices vary much in quality of tone.

These birds live largely on insects, at times scratching among the leaves for them like barnyard fowl. The number of insects which they consume is astonishing, especially when feeding their young.

The nestlings of all birds grow so rapidly that they are literally bone factories, flesh factories, feather factories. They must be fed almost constantly during daylight hours to keep the factory running. And, as all are aware, every insect consumed by them helps to preserve our shade trees, fruit trees, bushes and vegetables.

The Wood Thrush.

The wood thrush is the ideal bird, and that is saying much. Its colors are beautiful in their chasteness—olive-brown back, wings and tail, pure white breast exquisitely spotted with clear brown arrow-heads. Its form is perfect, neither too short nor too long, too stocky nor too slender, but in every way balanced and proportioned. Its manner also is most **charming**. Were the wood thrush a person, one would say that it had ancestry. In its family line one should expect to find "Regents and things." It hops across your lawn modestly, but in confidence that you like to have it there. It has a frank, open face, and is willing that you know its every secret. Its disposition is ideal. Even about its nest it trusts you almost implicitly. I once climbed a tree which held this bird's nest, fastened my camera to a limb, and photographed the mother upon her eggs without disturbing her in the least. Indeed, the only scolding note that I ever heard from this bird was from a pair when their young were about ready to leave the nest—a time when all birds are most anxious about their nestlings. Having brought them on thus far, birds seem to think, and rightfully, of course, that they ought not to be bereft of their treasures, nor interfered with in caring for them.

A word of caution should here be uttered to the inexperienced about young birds. A young bird should never be lifted out of its nest, for, having once found its legs, it will not be

content to remain in the nest the allotted time, and is almost sure to leave its home before it is able to fly even a little way and to be found and killed by some enemy.

The nest of the wood thrush is usually placed on a horizontal branch near the middle of the tree. Its eggs are four in number and deep blue in color. This bird's song is regarded as only second in quality, if indeed second, to that of the hermit thrush, which is regarded by bird-lovers as our finest songster. The wood thrush sings preferably at morning or evening, or on cloudy days, and usually from a horizontal branch near the middle of the tree. Its notes remind one of silver bells; and the song, for me at least, expresses more of quiet content, thanksgiving, and even worshipfulness, than the song of any other bird.

The Cuckoos.

We have two cuckoos in South Dakota, the yellow-billed and the black-billed. Their colors and habits are so nearly alike that, for the purposes of this article, I need not distinguish between them.



The Cuckoo on her Nest

By some the cuckoos are called rain-crows. This name is born of the idea that their harsh cow, cow, cow notes are a prophesy of rain.

The cuckoo is a dark-brown bird, oftener heard than seen. It loves dense shade, and is usually seen flying from one patch

of dense shade to another, the long, graduated tail drooping heavily as it is about to light.

The English cuckoo is a parasitic bird, like our cowbird, laying its egg in other birds' nests. I have read that in the South the cuckoo is unable to mature its clutch of eggs so as to lay them on successive days like other birds. Consequently newly laid eggs, newly hatched young, and fully fledged young are found in the nest at the same time.

Our cuckoo seems not yet to have learned to build a respectable nest. I have seen nests that were little other than a handful of twigs and leaves, with a hollow scooped out of the center. No two of the eggs are alike, either in color, size, or shape. But the bird is one of the most useful that we have, being the avowed enemy of the tent caterpillar, which is so destructive to fruit trees. They are especially fond of all kinds of hairy caterpillars.

In addition to the peculiarities already mentioned, the young cuckoos do not burst their feather-sacks until they are ready to leave the nest, whereas other young birds burst their quill sacks quite early in the nestling stage. This bird would seem to be passing through an intermediate state of development either to or from parasitism.

The Hawks

Most boys doubtless think that they do a good deed when they kill a large hawk, not knowing that they are killing one of the farmer's best friends. There are two or three small hawks, it is true, that pursue and kill small birds, for example, Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, and the gos hawk; but these are the small, swift hawks. The large hawks live on field mice, so injurious to fruit trees in winter, often completely girdling them under the snow; house mice; pocket gophers, which work such havoc in alfalfa fields and meadows; rabbits, which do such damage to fruit trees when the snow is deep in winter; snakes, and such like. The farmer has few better friends among the birds than the large hawks. They seldom pursue their prey, but are seen on strawstacks and haystacks watching for mice, on trees watching for gophers and rabbits, or sailing slowly over meadows and suddenly wheeling and lighting to capture some small animal or reptile.

The Burrowing Owl.

I have seen boys, when hunting, shoot owls "just for the fun of it," little suspecting that they were destroying one of the most beneficial of birds.

Owls fly abroad at night, when the cotton tail rabbits are girdling fruit trees, and when mice are doing their destructive work. The little screech owls are one of the most effective enemies of mice and live largely upon them. Few mice will survive in the hayloft which these birds inhabit.

The burrowing owl is distinctively a bird of the prairie. Its favorite home is some cast off animal's burrow. For this reason it is nearly always found in prairie dog towns. I have frequently been asked whether, as often stated, burrowing owls, prairie dogs, and rattle snakes live together on friendly terms in the same burrows. This is one of those fictions which persist long because so interesting; but it is wholly a fiction. Bur-



The Prairie Dog at the Mouth of his Burrow

rowing owls live in the holes of prairie dogs, to be sure, but not while they are inhabited by the dogs. The owls are the enemies of prairie dogs. They have been known to drive them away from their burrows, which they then appropriated to their own use. The owls feed upon the young of the prairie dogs, thus benefitting the ranchman, since there is left little grazing for cattle where prairie dogs have taken possession.

Owls also feed upon many different kinds of small mammals—mice, squirrels, gophers, rats, shrews, bats; not to mention frogs, grasshoppers, beetles, etc.

Nuthatches and Brown Creepers.

Two very useful birds that seem almost to work in partnership are the white-breasted nuthatch and the brown creeper.

It may be said that every place in nature has its bird, and that every bird is useful in its place. Swamps, fields, meadows, pastures, orchards, forests, lakes, rivers, each have their birds, and each class is especially adapted to its peculiar environment, and feeds in that environment in such ways as to be beneficial to man.

In this respect our trees are particularly favored. Some birds feed upon their trunks, others upon their lower branches, and still others that find both food and nesting places in their upper branches, while warblers and vireos, which follow the blossoming season northward as harvest hands follow the harvest, devour multitudes of insects, which hatch out at blossoming time, and which, but for the birds, would doubtless destroy all fruit in the bud.

Among the most useful of this large company of winged helpers are nuthatches and brown creepers. Most of their food is gathered upon tree-trunks. They search out and devour the insect eggs that are laid on the bark, and the cocoons and chrysalids that are tucked away in bark crevices.

I have watched these birds making their way through forest and orchard seemingly in company, the diminutive honking of the nuthatch seeming to be responsive to the "cheep," "cheep" of the creeper.

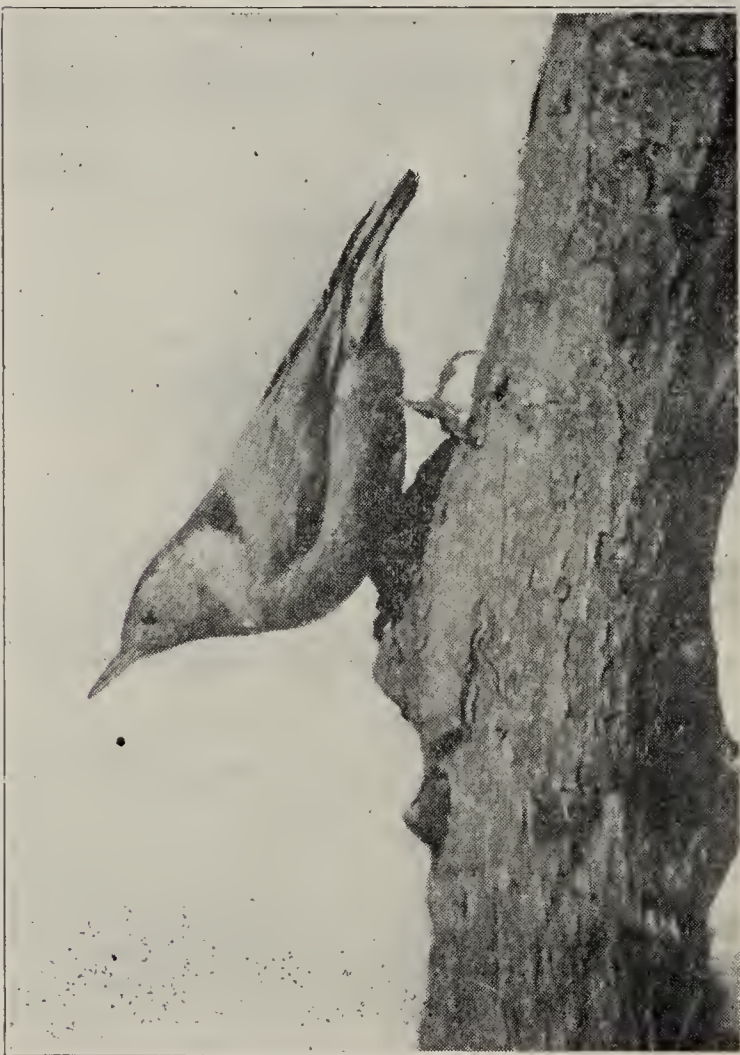
The stockily built nuthatch is bluish-ash in color, with the vizier of his black cap turned, boy-like, backward over his neck. The slender, curve-billed creeper is a variegated brown dappled with obscure whitish, and has a long, graduated tail. The bird creeps close to the bark, and seems afraid to take too long steps for fear of falling off. He alights at the root of the tree and works his way upward to the branches in long spirals.

The nuthatch works in exactly opposite direction, lighting on the trunk where the branches begin and working down and around to the roots.



The Brown Creeper

The nuthatch is more at home with head pointed downward than upward. One day in a blinding snow storm one of these birds rested, head downward, on the lee side of a large tree-trunk just outside my window. It was his natural position while at rest.



The White-Breasted Nuthatch

It is evident that the nuthatch working the tree-trunk downward can secure insect eggs and larvae from the under side of lower bark-edges which would be missed by the creeper working upward, and also the creeper can find insects that the nuthatch misses.

These birds gather their food on tree-trunks, not only in summer, but also in winter. Indeed, it may be said that they do their beneficial work in winter, for, as is well known, many insects pass the winter in the egg or pupa state, and in this form multitudes of insects are destroyed in satisfying the appetite of a single bird.

The nuthatch is the companion of the chickadee at one's food box in winter, when the diet is suet and nuts. Wherever there are trees one may have birds feeding all winter from a food box fastened to the window sill. The box should first be placed on a movable post near a tree, where these birds naturally search for food. When they have found the box, as they surely will in a few days, it may be moved by gradual stages upward toward the window, and the birds will follow it.

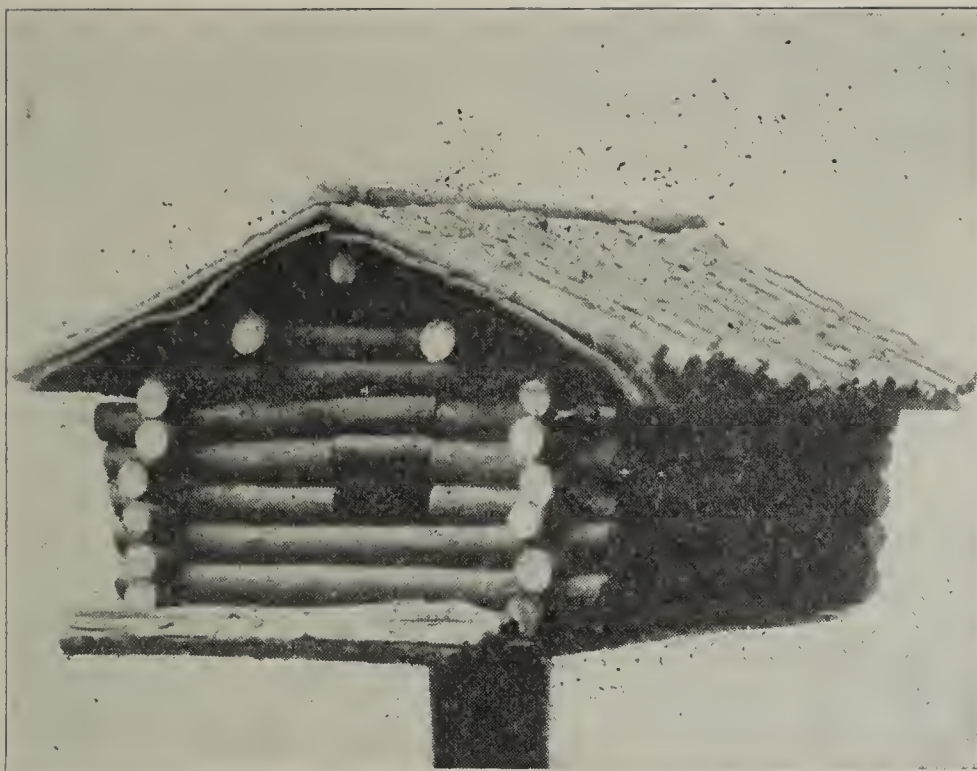


The King Bird at the Bath

Whoever will provide a bird-bath in summer will not lack for birds in his yard. Streams are few in South Dakota, and often birds have to go a long distance to drink or bathe. The bath should be of wood or earthen ware, and should be carpeted with a layer of sod, from the roots of which the soil has been carefully washed. In the water the grass will keep green and, if kept cut short, the birds will feel quite at home bathing in what simulates a little pool beside a running stream. It is well to place the bath in the middle of the lawn, where prowling cats cannot creep up upon the unsuspecting bather. And if the bath is placed upon a post two feet high the bather's safety will be still further assured.

Another way to keep birds about us is to provide bird houses for wrens, bluebirds, flickers, martins, and chickadees. The writer, while in an enterprising South Dakota city to lecture recently, was taken to a store where bird houses were on exhibition—all kinds and descriptions of them. The women's club of the city, in cooperation with the school teachers, had interested the children in making these bird homes. The ingenuity and taste displayed by the children was exceedingly commendable, and the interest in bird life developed was very marked. There are places, of course, where bird houses may be purchased, but it is far better to have the children make them. In making bird houses one simple rule should be followed: Give them as natural an appearance as possible. A chunk of wood with the bark on it, hollowed out in the middle, is better than a house well made of fine lumber. When houses are made of dressed lumber they would better be covered with bark, and thus made to simulate the nesting place of the bird in the wild.

The wren will build its nest in any sort of place. The bluebird likes best a home in the open—along the fence, or in a post in the middle of lawn or garden. The flicker may clean out and deepen an old flicker hole if a branch with one can be found and set up as though it were a tree. The chickadees are quite elusive as to nest-building. Only once have I conquered their reluctance, and that was by excavating a house for them in a dead cherry tree. But it is worth while to try for a chickadee's nest by excavating a home for them in a small log and lashing the log to a tree in some secluded corner of the



Well Made Bird House

yard. To secure one of these nests is a distinct triumph, for, though these cheery, charming, little acrobats come familiarly about our homes to feed they usually go to orchard or grove to find a nesting place.

DIRECTIONS FOR PROTECTING BIRDS.

Some of the steps that can be taken to induce birds to colonize about the premises are the following:

1. Do not shoot them or permit them to be stoned or frightened.
2. Erect nesting boxes. In these, ten or more species may nest.
3. Prohibit unusual noise around the premises during the nesting season, particularly while birds are selecting sites for nests.
4. Provide nesting material for use in constructing nests.
5. Put out trays of water and mud for robins, swallows, etc., for use in building.
6. Erect and preserve old posts, stumps, and logs with holes in them.
7. Suppress prowling cats and dogs.

8. Plant a few extra fruit trees and berry bushes. Give the birds their share of fruits to pay for destroying insects.

9. Plant some of the native fruit-bearing shrubs and trees around fences. These may be service berry, raspberry, blackberry, elderberry, wild cherry, choke cherry, mulberry, haw, grape and hackberry.

10. Permit a secluded corner to grow up as a thicket for shy birds.

11. Feed and water them during times of scarcity of food and water, both in winter and in summer. Give grain in the straw to quail in winter.

12. Mark the spots where nests are built in the field and have the farming implements drawn around them without destroying them.

13. Discourage egg collecting and needless slaughter of birds.

14. Discover and check their natural enemies, which vary with locality.

15. Put a band of tin, a foot or more wide, around a tree or post containing a nest, to keep climbing enemies from nest and young.

16. Discourage the manufacture, sale and use of air guns, sling shots, etc.

17. Do not use for ornamentation, wearing or otherwise, the feathers or parts of birds that are killed solely for that purpose.

18. Organize nature-study societies for the study and preservation of native birds.

19. Aid in disseminating knowledge of existing laws, in enforcing them and in effecting proper new laws for the protection of birds.

20. By personal effort promote the general and specific knowledge of the value of our native birds and the necessity of protecting them.

21. Aid the growth of public opinion on this subject by advocating the observation of Bird Day in all schools, the introduction of bird studies and by other means.

—Illinois Arbor and Bird Days.

ARTIFICIAL FOOD SUPPLY.

During the season when the natural food supply is at its lowest ebb birds respond most readily to our hospitality. Winter feeding has become very popular and the result has been to bring about better understanding between birds and human kind.

The winter foods commonly used include suet or other fat, pork rinds, bones with shreds of meat, cooked meats, meal worms, cut-up apples, birdseed, buckwheat, crackers, crumbs, cocoanut meat, cracked corn, broken dog biscuits or other bread, hemp seed, millet, nut meats of all kinds (especially peanuts), whole or rolled oats, peppers, popcorn, pumpkin or squash seeds, raw or boiled rice, sunflower seeds and wheat.

The methods of making these supplies available to birds are as varied as the dietary itself. A device very commonly used is the food tray or shelf. This may be put on a tree or pole, by a window or at some other point about a building, or strung upon a wire or other support on which it may be run back and forth. The last device is useful in accustoming birds to feed nearer and nearer a comfortable observation point. A fault with food shelves is that wind and rain may sweep them clean and snow may cover the food. These defects may be obviated in part by adding a raised ledge about the margin or by placing the shelf in the shelter of a wall or shielding it with evergreen branches on one or more sides.

Feeding devices not affected by the weather are preferable. An excellent one is a cocoanut with a hole bored in one end. The cavity is filled with chopped suet and nuts or other food mixture, and the nut is suspended by a wire from a limb. The size of the hole regulates the character of the guests; if small, large birds cannot gobble the supply and the cocoanut meat as well as the stuffing is eaten. Cans with small openings may be substituted for cocoanuts. Food baskets of any desired size made of wire netting or a metal grating may be hung up or fastened to the trunk of a tree. Food mixtures in melted fat may be poured into holes made in a branch or piece of timber or in cracks of bark or over evergreen branches. All of these devices minimize or obviate the disturbing effects of stormy weather.

More elaborate apparatus for the same purpose comprises various forms of food hoppers and food houses. The food hoppers in common use for domestic fowls are adapted to the feeding of birds, and some special forms are now manufactured for wild birds.

The food house is a permanent structure with solid roof and glass on one or more sides to permit observation. The food trays it contains are entirely sheltered from the weather. In one style this result is obtained by mounting the house on a pivot and furnishing it with vanes which keep the open side always away from the wind.

—Illinois Arbor and Bird Days.

FOR STUDY AND DISCUSSION.

1. What is the place of birds, as compared with other animals, in the scale of life?

2. What birds live on small flies and insects? What on worms, grubs and beetles? What on seeds? What on rodents?

3. Can you name a bird which is practically helpless on land and cannot fly, except under water? Name one which practically lives in the air and whose feet are fit only for perching? Name one which lives on the land and can neither fly nor swim.

4. A bird may be wingless, tailless or almost lose the use of its feet, but upon what organ does its life absolutely depend?

5. Name some birds which, in molting, lose all their wing feathers at once and are flightless until the new feathers have grown.

6. Why is it that some birds (grebes, for instance), fly in a straight course and are unable to make sharp turns, while others (as the swallow) can dash to the right or left at an abrupt angle?

7. What birds' claws are bare and slender in the summer but take on a comb-like fringe in the winter so that they can walk on the snow?

8. What birds nest first?

9. What birds are our best songsters?



The Rough-Legged Buzzard

QUOTATION.

The Rockefeller Foundation has bought the Grand Chenier tract of 85,000 acres in Vermilion and Cameron parishes in Louisiana, paying \$225,000 for it. This tract will be held for a winter refuge and preserve for migratory birds, for which purpose it is excellently adapted. The property adjoins a 60,000 acre tract devoted to bird protection by the owner, Mr. E. A. McIlhenny, at whose instance the 85,000 acre tract was acquired, and is near Marsh Island, purchased by Mrs. Russell Sage for the same purpose in 1912. These three tracts and property near them, which the foundation purposes to acquire, will ultimately be enclosed in one great bird preserve

covering 500 square miles and having a frontage of 75 miles on the Gulf Coast.

By executive order, issued by President Wilson on March 19, 1913, the destruction of any plumage birds in the Canal Zone has been prohibited under heavy penalty for infraction. The order has been put into effect by the Canal Commission.

—Current Items.

THE BIRD OR THE CAT.

“The Bird or the Cat” has become a subject which is making the feathers fly in many a heretofore peaceful neighborhood. Bird lovers who have attempted to establish sanctuaries for their feathered friends have been compelled to revise their visiting lists according to where her royal highness, Tabbykins, holds sway.

Naturalists statistically rank the cat as third in the bird destroying agents, holding every roaming cat responsible for the lives of at least fifty birds a year. A game warden who reports 200 quail killed by a mother cat in less than a year on the game preserve, advocates the wholesale extermination of cats under the supervision of a game warden.

The value of the cat to catch mice or rats is disputed by a bird enthusiast, who maintains that this Nero of the animal world will hush forever the joyous song of any little feathered chorister, simply for his own amusement when not in need of food. When he dines he goes after a cold bird in preference to any other delicacy, and will catch mice or rats only as a last resort to keep from starving.

The most serious arraignment against both the domestic and stray cat is made by the Boards of Health, who have found these animals to be carriers of scarlet fever, diphtheria and other diseases most fatal to their human associates.

A successful business man says that if a cat kills a little chicken in the yard of the average farmer, the cat is made away with. If the four-footed hunter comes home with a quail, he is petted; yet the quail is of greater economic value to the farmer than is either the cat or the chicken. He thinks, for humane reasons, the wild or stray cat left on abandoned farms should be put out of the way.

Some friends of the birds think to license the cat and hold the owner responsible for his pet's destructiveness will solve not only the vexing cat, but also the kitten question. They conclude that if a person pays for a license he will not be so apt to desert his cat, leaving it dependent upon hunting for a living.

Optimists who still believe that cat nature may be educated or restrained, suggest that bells and bright ribbon be placed on Pussy so that a warning will precede her fatal spring. Others advocate that the poles or trees on which bird-houses are placed should be sheathed in tin or wrapped in barb wire to prevent the cat from climbing up and destroying the half-grown nestlings before they can fly to safety.

—Lida May Briggs, in "The Liberty Bell Bird Club."

THE CONSTANT DOVE.

The white dove sat on the sunny eaves,
And "What will you do when the north wind grieves?"
She said to the busy nut-hatch small,
Tapping above in the gable tall.

He probed each crack with his slender beak,
And much too busy was he to speak;
Spiders, that thought themselves safe and sound,
And moths, and flies, and cocoons, he found.

Oh! but the white dove she was fair!
Bright she shone in the autumn air,
Turning her head from left to right—
Only to watch her was such delight!

"Coo!" she murmured, "poor little thing,
What will you do when the frost shall sting?
Spiders and flies will be hidden or dead,
Snow underneath and snow overhead."

Nut-hatch paused in his busy care;
"And what will you do, O white dove fair?"
"Kind hands feed me with crumbs and grain,
And I wait with patience for spring again."

He laughed so loud that his laugh I heard;
“How can you be such a stupid bird?
What are your wings for, tell me, pray,
But to bear you from tempest and cold away?

“Merrily off to the south I’ll fly,
In search of the summer, by and by,
And warmth and beauty I’ll find anew;
O white dove fair, will you follow, too?”

But she cooed content on the sunny eaves,
And looked askance at the reddening leaves;
While low I whispered, “O white dove true,
I’ll feed you, and love you the winter through!”
—Celia Thaxter.

LISA AND THE BIRDS.

From the Norwegian.

“Tell me,” said little Lisa,
The pretty child so sweet,
“Where do you tiny birdies
Find all you need to eat?”
The little bird in answer
Sang cheerily: “We know!
For us, a dainty table
Is spread where’er we go:
The good brown earth, so kindly,
Has scarce a single plant
Which will not feast the birdies
When seeds or fruits they want.”
So sang the birds to Lisa;
But Lisa, pitying said:
“When little birds are tired
Where can they find a bed?”
Then gaily chirped the birdies,
“In every bush or tree
Where we may choose to build them
We have our dwellings free.

Leaf shaded and leaf hidden
 We safely go to rest;
Was never bed more cosy
 Than is the birdie's nest?"

Still questioned little Lisa:
 "But when you wish to drink,
What then?" the birdies warbled:
 "We seek the brooklet's brink,
Or sip the dew of morning
 Which every leaf holds up;
Or take with joy the raindrops
 From some bright flower's cup.
And many a spring and fountain
 And many a wayside pool
Their sparkling waters offer,
 So fresh and pure and cool."

Then said the loving Lisa:
 "When winter cold is here
And everything is frozen,
 Oh, you will starve, I fear!"

Again the birds chirped gaily:
 "O little maiden kind,
We fly to lands of sunshine
 Where summer joys we find.
And for the birds who stay here
 Ev'n when cold winter comes,
Some child as sweet as you, dear,
 Will surely scatter crumbs."

—Emilie Poulsson.

THE SCARECROW.

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
 With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
 "If somebody only would show me how!"

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
 With threatening arms and with bristling head,

And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn—
Oh! 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

The robins, who watched him every day,
Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright!
Surveying the monster, began to say,
"Why should this monster our prospects blight?"

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please.
That, half concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
A charming family, hungry and brisk,
The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed;
'Twas so convenient! They ran no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

—Celia Thaxter.

MRS. JUNE'S PROSPECTUS.

Susan Coolidge.

Mrs. June is ready for school,
Presents her kind regard,
And for all her measures and rule
Refers to the following Card:

To parents and friends: Mrs. June,
Of the firm of Summer and Sun,
Announces the opening of her school,
Established in the year one.

An unlimited number received;
There is nothing at all to pay;
All that is asked is a merry heart,
And time enough to be gay.

The Junior class will bring,
In lieu of all supplies,
Eight little fingers and two little thumbs
For the making of pretty sand-pies.

The Senior Class, a mouth
For strawberries and cream,
A nose apiece for a rose apiece,
And a tendency to dream.

The lectures are thus arranged:
Professor Cherry Tree
Will lecture to the Climbing Class,
Terms of instruction—free.

Professor De-Forest Spring,
Will take the class on Drink;
And the class in Titillation,
Sage Mr. Bobolink.

Young Mr. Ox-Eye Daisy
Will demonstrate each day
On Botany, on native plants,
And the properties of hay.

Miss Nature, the class in Fun
 (A charming class to teach);
And the Swinging class and the Bird-nest class
 Miss Hickory and Miss Beech.

And the Sleepy class at night,
 And the Dinner class at noon,
And the Fat and Laugh and Roses class,
 They fall to Mrs. June.

And she hopes her little friends
 Will be punctual as the sun;
For the term, alas! is very short;
 And she wants them every one.



Power Dam at Sioux Falls

THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

Three little birds
Sat upon a tree.
The first said "Chirrup!"
The second said "Chee!"
The third said nothing,

(The middle one was he),
But sat there a-blinking,
Because he was a-thinking,
“Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!”

Three little birds
Sat upon a bough.
The first said, “When is dinner-time?”
The second said “Now!”
The third said nothing,
(The middle one was he),
But sat there a-blinking,
Because he was a-thinking,
“Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!”

Two little birds
Flew down to the ground,
And soon by working very hard,
A fine fat worm they found.
The third flew down between them,
(The middle one was he),
And ate it up like winking,
Because he had been thinking,
“Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!”

—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

When the new leaves swell in the forest,
And the grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson,
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold dark days are over,
Why, the birds go North again.

—Ella Higginson

TO THE WRENS.

We've built a little bird-house
For Mr. and Mrs. Wren;
One inch one-eighth, the opening,
So sparrows can't get in.

To make it quite attractive,
We've done our very best;
With corrugated paper
We've lined the little nest.

We've made it fast to branches
Of a leaning cedar tree;
A friendly honeysuckle
Makes it snug as snug can be.

We're waiting now for tenants,
And hope they'll quickly come.
From harm we'll try to guard them,
While making this their home.

Maybe the wrens don't know it,
And yet they're very wise;
Perhaps they'd come more quickly
If we should advertise.

We'll give the rental gratis
As long as they will stay.

Please tell that—and maybe
They'll come here right away.

Come and see the home provided,
We're sure you'll think it great.
Come, Mr. Wren, we like you;
Come, and bring your mate.

John M. Morse. Farm Journal.

TOMMY AND THE CROW.

"I will not go to school today,"
Said little Tommy Green,
"I'll stay out in the grassy fields
Where buds and flowers are seen."

He lay down underneath a tree,
Threw books and slate away,—
"'Tis nicer here than in the school
And here I mean to stay."

Just then a crow up in a tree
Said "Caw, caw, what a dunce!
Pick up your book, and get your slate
And go to school at once."

So Tom got up and ran to school,
And took his book and slate,
He got there just before the bell
And was not counted late.

—Ohio Arbor and Bird Annual.

LITTLE BILLY BLUE JAY.

Little Billy Blue Jay
Sings with such a noise,
Too early in the morning
I think, for sleepy boys.

But when I'm dressed and out of doors,
And all the flowers are filled with dew,
The morning air so fresh and sweet,
Why Bill-Bird! I'm obliged to you.

—Blanche Fisher Wright.

THE CATBIRD.

He sits on a branch of yon blossoming bush,
This madcap cousin of robin and thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole morning long,
Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft gray, fluttering throat;
But often he stops in his sweetest note,
And shaking a flower from the blossoming bough,
Drawls out, "Mi-eu, mi-ow!"

—Edith M. Thomas.

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING.

There's somebody knocking.
Hark! who can it be?
It's not at the door! no, it's in the elm tree.
I hear it again; it goes rat-a-tat-tat!
Now, what in the world is the meaning of that?

I think I can tell you. Ah, yes! it is he;
It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.
He's dressed very handsomely (rat-a-tat-tat),
Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see;
Some friends of his live in that elm tree;
And, as trees have no doorbells (rat-a-tat-tat),
Of course he must knock: what is plainer than that?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door;
Why doesn't she come? Does she think him a bore—
She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.
I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill.

"I've seen you before, my good master," says she:
"Altho I'm a bug, sir, you can't humbug me.
Rap on, if you please! at your rapping I laugh,
I'm too old a bug to be caught with your chaff."

—The Nursery.

MASSA BLUEJAY.

Hi, Massa Bluejay, what you want with me,
A-callin' and 'a-scoldin' in that li'l pine tree?
Ain't you had your breakfas', I's a busy un,
You can't git nuthin' out of me, until dis work's done!
I has to feed the chickens and get the pony out;
Seems like you'all couldn't rest, flyin' all about,
Now just quit your foolin' and take this hunk of bread,
And don't forgit your "Thanky" to li'l darky Ned!
—Frances Kirtland, in "American Primary Teacher."

MEADOWLARK.

The cheerless remnant of the snow-drift lies
Along the fields, and there are wintry skies,
Whose chilling blasts assail thee, Meadowlark,
I know not how you find subsistence here
Among the withered herbs of Yester-year;
I grieve for your uncertain days—but hark!
I hear your brave notes calling loud and clear.
—Author not Known.

TRIMMING THE CLOTHES-LINE.

I'm happy when the birds come back,
I've something then to do;
If you don't mind a little work
Perhaps you'd like it, too.

I get a lot of pretty strings,
Some red, some white, some blue,
And on a line out in the yard
I hang them up in view.

Sometimes I lay them on the ground,
And bits of lace, as well;
For just what stuff will best suit birds
Is sometimes hard to tell.

They know our yard is a good place
Variety to find;
And my! they're often such a while
In making up their mind.

But before night I've sold clean out,
I'm tired as I can be;
Yet when the birds chirp back their thanks
And sing sweet songs to me,

I'm ready next day to begin
To trim my line anew,
In colors like the flag we love—
The red, the white and blue.

—Helen M. Richardson, Farm Journal.

TWENTY LITTLE CHICKADEES.

Twenty little chickadees,
Sitting in a row;
Twenty pairs of naked feet
Buried in the snow.
I should think you'd fly away
Where the weather's warm,
Then you wouldn't have to be
Out there in the storm.

Sorry little chickadees,
Don't you know the way?
Can't you find the road to go
Where 'tis always May?
Robins all have found it out,
Wrens and bluebirds, too.
Don't you wish you'd thought to ask
Ere away they flew?

"I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from
the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me.
I saw them in their curious nests, close crouching, slyly peer

With their wild eyes, like glittering beads, to note if harm
were near;

I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it was good
To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home was in the
wood.”

—William Motherwell.

JUST TO SEE THEM FALL.

Oriole sang in the Singing Tree

(Heigh—

O,

But I loved him so!)

Sang all day, and at night said he,

“Just as sleepy as I can be!—

Sleepy and tired and my throat is sore;

Couldn’t have sung one glad note more;

Did my best all the whole day long,

Cheering the world with my sweetest song!”

Oriole sang in the smiling sun:

(Heigh—

O,

But I loved him so!)

One came by with a deadly gun * * *

Flash!—and the song was forever done!

Never again will the music free

Ring in the green of the Singing Tree;

“Shot him for fun,” said the Boy, “That’s all;

Wanted to hit him and see him fall!”

Oriole sang in my dreams tonight,

(Heigh—

O,

For I loved him so!)

Sang for the days when the sun was bright,

Bright on the swift wing’s joyous flight;

What had he done? Ah, answer me,

Lonesome leaves on the Singing Tree!

Answer, Shapes that among us crawl,

Shooting dear things * * * just to see them fall!

—L. O. Reese. California Arbor Day Pamphlet.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

He sang as tho' his little throat
Was overflowing with the song;
As only those can sing who know
Naught of this human world of wrong!
As none but those to whom proud man
Has given the name of "dumb things" can.

He sang as I would fain, to God—
The plaudits of the listening crowd,
Their flatteries, their beck and nod,
They called not forth this anthem loud,
So bright, so glad, so wild and free—
Yet only heaven heard—and me.

He perched on a wild rose-bush, so near,
I could have touched the other side,
He plumed his wings, and once again
Poured forth his praises far and wide.
O, very near he brought me then
To the dear Lord of birds and men!

A moment more, and he had soared
Far up into the ether blue.
As tho' he sought the home of God,
Higher and higher still, he flew.
While to my heart the evening breeze
Whispered: "If God so cares for these
How careth He for you?"

—M. E. Audubon.

"Beloved of children, bards and spring,
O birds, your perfect virtues bring—
Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,
Your manners for the heart's delight;
Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,
Here weave your chamber weather-proof.
Forgive our harms, and condescend
To man, as to a lubber friend,
And, generous, teach his awkward race
Courage, and probity, and grace!"

—Emerson.



Upper Main Street—Deadwood

“With what a clear
And ravishing sweetness sang the plaintive thrush
I love to hear his delicate rich voice,
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain
And gray mists wrap the hills; for aye the sweeter
His song is when the day is sad and dark.”

—Longfellow.

THE SNOWBIRD'S SONG.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird was sitting close by on tree
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;
“O sister, look out of the window!” said she,
“Here’s a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee.

“O mother, do get him some stockings and shoes
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose;
I wish he’d come into the parlor and see
How warm we’d make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee.”

The bird had flown down for some crumbs of bread
And heard every word little Emily said.

“What a figure I’d cut in that dress!” said he,
And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-dee-dee.

“There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too;
Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?”
And away he went singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

—Author not known.

THE ROBIN.

Miss Araminta Audubon de Brown, all blithe and gay
Was walking in the park upon a sunny Easter Day;
She smelled the blossoms springing,
And she heard the birds a-singing,
And she saw a sight that shocked her ’til she almost swooned
away—

“Oh, fie!” said Araminta, “What do you think of that?”
(’Twas a perky little robin she was a-looking at.)

“That wicked little robin,
With her saucy head a-bobbin’,
Is wearing song-bird’s feathers upon her Easter hat!”

—Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas.

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

A little brown wren, with a little white breast,
Peeped from the door of her little round nest,
And said to her husband: “The wind is from the west,”—
“So I perceive,” was the ready reply,
“And there’s not a cloud to be seen in the sky—
I think you had better go out by and by,
And I will keep your eggs warm till you come back,”

“Oh, I thank you, my dear,” said the little brown wren,
With a chirp of delight, “you’re the kindest of men,—
Of course, I adore the dear little things,
But sitting so steadily on eggs
Brings a kind of stiffness to one’s wings and legs.
I would like to stretch them since you’re so kind,
But I only dislike to leave you behind.”
“O, that does not matter. O, no, never mind.”

So the good little Mother flew off to the West,
And the Father sat down in her place on the nest,
Delighted to give his wee wifey a rest.
It was rather slow work and he soon fell asleep,
But he woke with a jump, for he heard a faint “peep,”
And something beneath him began to creep—
Now, there was a crisis. “As sure as the sun,”
The father bird cried, “ ’tis the hatching begun,
And Mother is gadding, now what’s to be done?”
He fluttered about in his fidgety fear,
And he laughed and he cried, and he whimpered, “O dear,
What would I not give if that woman was here!”

His sense of relief can’t be possibly guessed—
Out of bird language it can’t be expressed—
When he saw her at last flying back from the West.
She too, when she saw the wonderful sight—
Three little baby birds hatching out all right—
She could not contain her pride and delight;
But she hopped and she jumped, and she cuddled them well,
And she loved them, how dearly I never can tell.

This, you know, happened early in May—
I chanced to look in the wren’s nest today.
And lo! ’twas empty, they had flown away.

—Byron W. King, in “Elocutionary Reader.”

Used by permission of the Eldridge Entertainment House,
Franklin, Ohio, dealers in entertainment material of all kinds.

BOB WHITE.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn
When the buckwheat is ripe and stacked the corn:
 "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be?
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight; but hark again!
 "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
 Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same;
That he wants all the world to know his name:
 "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"
—West Virginia Arbor and Bird Day Manual.

(One child asks the question, "Who is the bird?" etc., and another answers with the remainder of the verse.)

—Bird Day—Connecticut, 1901.

THE BIRDS AND THE HOURS.

4 A. M.

Who is the bird of the early dawn?
The brown capped Chippy, who from the lawn
Raises his wings and with rapture thrills,
While his simple ditty he softly trills.

5 A. M.

Who is the bird of the risen sun?
The Robin's chorus is wellnigh done
When Bobolink swings from the clover high,
And scatters his love notes across the sky.

9 A. M.

Who is the bird of the calm forenoon?
The Catbird gay with his jeering tune,
Who scolds and mimics and waves his wings
And jerks his tail as he wildly sings.

Noon.

Who is the bird of the middle day?
The green-winged, red-eyed Vireo gray,
Who talks and preaches, yet keeps an eye
On every stranger who passes by.

5 P. M.

Who is the bird of the afternoon?
The Wood Thrush, shy, with his silvery tune
Of flute and zither and flageolet;
His rippling song you will never forget.

7 P. M.

Who is the bird of the coming night?
The tawny Veery, who, out of sight
In cool dim green o'er the waterway,
The lullaby echoes of sleeping day.

9 P. M.

Who is the bird that when all is still
Like a banchée calls? The Whip-poor-will;
Who greets the Nighthawk in upper air
Where they take their supper of insect fare.

Midnight.

Who are the birds that at midnight's stroke
Play hide-and-seek in the half dead oak?
And laugh and scream 'til the watch dog howls?
The wise-looking, mouse-hunting young Screech Owls.

All in Chorus.

Good Night! Good Day!
Be kind to the birds and help repay
The songs they sing you the livelong day,
The bugs they gobble and put to flight—
Without birds, orchards would perish quite!
Good Day! Good Night!

THE BLUE JAY.

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you;—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think,
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said, "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

—Susan Bartley Swett.

PUT FLOWERS IN YOUR WINDOW.

Put flowers in your window, friend,
And summer in your heart;
The greenness of their mimic boughs

Is of the woods a part;
The color of their tender bloom
Is love's own pleasing hue,
As surely as you smile on them,
They'll smile again on you.

Put flowers in your window, when
You sit in idle mood,
For wholesome, mental aliment,
There is no cheaper food.
For love and hope and charity
Are in their censor shrined,
And shapes of loveliest thought grow out
The flower-loving mind.

THE INCREDULOUS VEERY.

Two hunters chanced one day to meet
Near by a thicket wood;
They paused each other there to greet,
Both in a playful mood.
Said one, "I had to wade a stream,
Now, this you must not doubt,
And when I reached the other shore
My boots were full of trout."

Whew! cried a Veery perched in view
To hear if what they said was true. Whew!

The other's wit was now well whet.
Said he, "Let me narrate:
I bought three hundred traps and set
For fur both small and great;
Now, when next morning came, behold,
Each trap contained a skin;
And other disappointed game
Stood waiting to get in."

The astonished Veery whistled, Whew!
I hardly think that story true. Whew! ! !

—Florence A. Van Sant.

Plant thou a tree, whose griefless leaves shall sing
Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring.

—Edith M. Thomas.

“ ’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.”

THE SOWER.

“Come, wild Wind,” said the Catkin folks,
“Loiter not on the way.
It is time for us to plant our seeds;
We need your help today.”

The jolly wild Wind whisked merrily by,
And never a word did he say;
But birch and willow and alder trees
He planted by scores that day.

—Mary F. Butts.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper and I.

—Celia Thaxter.



Pierre and the Capitol as seen from near Fort Pierre

“There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,—
He trusts in God.”

Just to bloom beside your way,
That is why the flowers are sweet,
You want fresh ones every day,
That is why the flowers are fleet.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

IF MEN WOULD JUST BE KIND.

My home is in the locust tree
Here is my master's yard,
And he holds me, and I hold him
In strictest kind regard;
He will not let the cats come near
My lovely nesting limb,
And I—why, morning, noon and night
I gladly sing to him.

He loves to whistle notes to me
And have me whistle back,
You ought to see his smiling face,
He always calls me, "Jack;"
And says, "Now Jack let's try again
So Polly girl can hear."
And, to the woman at his side,
He'll say, "Now listen, dear!"

And then we whistle, he and I,
Some simple sweet refrain,
First soft and low, then loud and free,
Again and yet again;
I try my best to imitate
Each quaver and each note;
Sometimes to follow where he leads
It fairly splits my throat.

But he is such a lovely man
I always do my best,
And I would whistle all day long
If it were his request;
We mocking-birds love kindly men

And I am ready quite,
Because that man is kind to me,
To whistle day and night.

All men are not so kind, alas,
Some of them like to kill,
Not that they are in need of food,
But just to show their skill;
They think it is the proper thing
To take a cruel gun,
And slip around and kill a bird
And call such murder fun.

If all the men were nice and kind
The birds would all be tame,
And each would whistle all day long,
And answer to his name;
We all love people who are good,
And all the world would find
That birds would love all men alike,
If men would just be kind.

—Jake H. Harrison, from *Ohio Arbor and Bird Annual*.

THE BLUE BIRD.

(This children's play by Maurice Maeterlinck has attracted world-wide attention. Believing that the teachers of the state should be acquainted with the story, and can frame it into a story to tell to the children, the epitome of the story as written by Barbara H. Reid for "Normal Instructor and Primary Plans" is here reproduced.)

—Taken from *Ohio Arbor and Bird Annual*.

Once upon a time—this is the story of a fairy play and so it must begin as the fairy stories do—there lived two children called Tytyl and Mytyl. Their father was a poor woodcutter and their home was a cottage. They had enough plain food to eat and plain clothes to wear, but there was very little money in the woodcutter's home. So it came about that on Christmas Eve Tytyl and Mytyl had no Christmas presents.

They were not cross or unhappy over this misfortune.

They crept out of their beds and stood by the window to look at the rich man's house over the way where the children were having a Christmas party. They had never seen such beautiful things before, nor a table spread with such goodies.

"What is it on the table?" whispered Mytyl to her brother.

"Cakes and fruit and tarts," answered Tytyl.

"Oh," sighed Mytyl. "I had some once when I was little. Are they going to eat them?"

"Of course," answered Tytyl.

"Then why don't they eat them at once?" asked the girl.

"Because they are not hungry yet," answered Tytyl.

That was more than the little peasant girl could understand. She couldn't comprehend what it was not to feel hungry. Still she wasn't envious or cross. She clapped her hands with joy and so did her brother when the rich children began eating the good things.

While they were watching, as delighted as if they were eating the cakes and fruit and tarts themselves, a fairy appeared. She looked their neighbor Berlingot who was a bent old woman with a humped back and a hooked nose. She told them that her little daughter was very ill and the only thing that would make her well was the blue bird of happiness. She asked Tytyl and Mytyl to go and seek for it. To help them she gave them a little green magic hat which had a wonderful diamond in it. When the diamond was turned one way they could see the past. When it was turned another way they could see the future. Besides this, it opened their eyes to behold the souls of all the things about them.

Tytyl put it on his head and on the instant everything appeared different. The bent old woman was a beautiful fairy princess. The flints of which the cottage walls were built turned into precious stones. The humble furniture became resplendent. Strangest of all, the things in the cottage—the bread rising before the fire, the fire itself, the water in the water-tap, the milk in the jug, the sugar in the package, and the light of the lamp became alive. Their souls stepped out and moved and talked. The cat, too, and the dog, became able to talk in human language. The dog rushed up to Tytyl and began pouring out transports of affection.

“My little master! My little lord!” he cried, leaping upon the boy, caressing him with his tongue and going through all sorts of antics, half wild with joy. “At last I can talk. I had so much to tell you. Bark and wag my tail as I might I could never make you understand.”

He was perfectly happy in his unselfish devotion. But the cat, who was a different sort of creature and selfish as could be, washed his face and smoothed his hair before he went up to Mytyl with a smirk.

“Good morning, miss, how well you look this morning!” he said flatteringly.

After much action of which there is no time to tell, Tytyl, Mytyl, Dog, Cat, Fire, Water, Bread, Sugar, Milk and Light started out to find the blue bird of happiness to heal the neighbor’s little daughter. First they turned the diamond and looked into the past. There they found their dear old grandfather and grandmother and all the little brothers and sisters who had died in the Land of Memory. They waked and moved only when the living thought about them. At other times they slept. The children had a beautiful visit with their “granny” and “gaffer” who loved and petted them as much as ever. When they went away they carried in the cage, which the fairy had given them to hold, the blue bird of happiness, the tame black-bird which the old people had owned. In the Land of Memory it had turned blue as the sky, and the grandparents gladly gave it to them. But when they got back to the present time the bird was no longer blue. It had become black again. So that part of their quest had failed.

Where was the real blue bird of happiness? Light, who was one of their best friends, told them it was in the realms of Night with the blue birds of dreams who lived in the light of the moon and died when the rays of the sun touched them. So they set out toward the palace of Night to find it.

Now the cat was a treacherous creature who pretended to be very friendly but really did all he could to keep the children from succeeding. If they found the blue bird, he thought man would have complete power over nature and the animals. He ran ahead and warned Night to hide the real blue bird out of sight. Together they managed that the child-

ren should catch blue birds of dreams, instead, and as soon as they got these outside they died, so that effort failed too.

And now the real blue bird was in the forest. The false cat ran ahead and told the trees and the animals that Tylyl and Mytyl were coming to seek it. "It must be kept from them at all hazards," said the cat, and they made a dreadful plot to kill the children there in the forest. Then the treacherous cat rushed back to meet them.

"Ah, there you are, my little master and mistress," he fawned. "How well you look and how pretty this evening! I went before you to announce your arrival. All is going well, and we shall have the blue bird of happiness tonight, I am sure. But why have you brought the dog along? I fear his odious presence will spoil everything."

With this flattering and craft he induced Tylyl to send the dog away. But the faithful beast felt that some harm was threatening. He came back, and then the cat persuaded Tylyl to bind and muzzle him.

Now came a dreadful scene. The trees and beasts fell on the children to make way with them. Tylyl put himself in front of his little sister and tried his best to ward off the blows with his pocket-knife.

"Help! Help!" he cried; and the faithful little dog, breaking his bonds with a heroic effort, came running up to help, while the cat hid in a thicket and watched.

Biting and snarling, Tylo the little dog rushed furiously at his master's enemies, but they were too many and too strong for him to drive back.

"Come over to our side," they urged the dog. "You are an animal too."

The dog's paw was broken and he was bruised and bleeding, but he answered, "Never, never, never! I alone against all the rest of you for my little master!"

"Keep behind me," he encouraged Tylyl. "We will drive them back."

But Tylyl was quite exhausted, and had it not been that Light, their friend, had come up just then, the search would have had a sad end. The evil powers could not stand the light. The children were saved, but they had not found the blue bird of happiness.

The next part of the story is, perhaps the prettiest of all. They went into the palace of happiness to seek the blue bird. First they looked for it among the bloated luxuries, and they were bad and tried to seize the children and harm them. But when Tylyl turned the diamond, the luxuries shrank into miseries, and real happiness flocked about them. There were the darling happinesses of little children, merry, laughing, dancing little things too small to talk and just brimming over with joy. Then there were bigger happinesses; the happinesses of the home; the Happiness of Being Well; the Happiness of Loving One's Parents; the Happiness of the Blue Sky; the Happiness of the Forest; the Happiness of Sunny Hours and every so many more.

Then there were the Great Joys; the Great Joy of Loving, the Joy of Thinking, the Joy of Seeing What is beautiful, the Joy of Being Good, and the wonderful, wonderful Joy of Mother Love.

I hardly know why they did not find the blue bird there. Perhaps they forgot to look for it because they were so interested. Next they searched for it in a graveyard, and then in the future, but they did not find it.

I think perhaps this was all meant for a dream, for in the last scene the children are again in their little beds and the mother wakes them up. In comes Neighbor Berlingot and they inquire about her little daughter.

She says the little girl is very ill, but she believes she would get well if she could have Tylyl's turtle-dove which is in a cage overhead. Tylyl and Mytyl look at it, and behold it is blue! The blue bird of happiness was in their own home all the while. Tylyl sends it to the little sick girl and when she receives it she jumps up from her bed, perfectly well, and dances over to thank them. But even while they are petting it, the blue bird flies away.

"Don't cry," says Tylyl to the little girl. "I will catch him for you again."

And we are sure that he will.

LITTLE GUSTAVA.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim;
“Ha! ha!” laughed little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews, “What’s that?”
Gustava feeds her—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door;
“Good day!” cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves, so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet.
“Welcome!” cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags.
“Ha! ha!” laughs little Gustava.

“You want some breakfast, too?” and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk;
“Dear Rags,” says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow.
“Won’t you come in, good folks?” she cried,

But they were too bashful and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door;
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava."

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless, Gustava loves;
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava.

—Celia Thaxter.

MATILDA ANN.

I knew a charming little girl,
Who'd say, "Oh, see that flower!"
Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
And say, "Oh, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear, sweet note was heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?
Who never called a bird a "bird;"
But said "the Bobolink"
Or "Oriole" or "Robin"
Or "Wren," as it might be;
She called them all by their first name,
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden
She never picked "a flower;"
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"
Or "pansies," by the hour.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,

But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral,
I'm sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,
If when, perhaps, you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brain a-whirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just "a little girl."

—Alice W. Rollins, in the Independent.

NATURE'S HIRED MAN.

Diggin' in the earth,
Helpin' things to grow,
Foolin' with a rake,
Flirtin' with a hoe;

Waterin' the plants,
Pullin' up the weeds,
Gatherin' the stones,
Puttin' in the seeds;

On your face and hands
Pilin' up the tan—
That's the job for me,
Nature's hired man!

Wages best of all.
Better far than wealth.
Paid in good fresh air
And a lot o' health.

Never any chance
Of your gettin' fired,
And when night comes on
Knowin' why you're tired

Nature's hired man!
That's the job for me,
With the birds and flowers
For society.

Let the other feller
For the dollar scratch;
I am quite contented
With my garden patch.

—John Kendrick Bangs. From Songs of Cheer. Copyright by
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THE BEES THAT WENT TO THE SKY.

Fuzzy Wuzz, Buzzy Wuzz, Zipperty Flop,
All flew up to the cherry tree top.
“Pooh!” said Buzzy Wuzz, “this isn’t high!
Let us keep on till we reach the sky.”

Upward they went, and they never would stop—
Fuzzy Wuzz, Buzzy Wuzz, Zipperty Flop;
“Ah, how jolly!” they started to say—
When every one of them fainted away!

The next they knew they were down on the ground,
Three dizzy bumblebees, frightened but sound;
Never a mortal had heard them drop—
Fuzzy Wuzz, Buzzy Wuzz, Zipperty Flop.

Humbled and tumbled, and dusty and lamed,
Wouldn’t you think they’d have been quite ashamed?
But “No, sir,” they buzzed, “it wasn’t a fall;
We only came down from the sky, that’s all.”

And now, whenever you see three bees
Buzzing and pitching about by your knees,
You’ll know, by their never once venturing high,
They’re the very same bees that flew up to the sky!

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE KANGAROOSTER.

His tail is remarkably long,
And his legs are remarkably strong;
But the strength and the length of his legs and his tail
Are as naught to the strength of his song.

He picks up his food with his bill;
He bounds over valley and hill;
But the height of his bounds can't compare with the
sounds
He lets out when he crows with a will.

THE PEANUTHATCH.

This funny bird lives upside down
And makes his nest in a paper bag,
He never, never wags his tail,
Because he hasn't one to wag.

AND THEN—WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

I heard of a spider who wanted to fly;
He had no wings, but he thought he'd try,
It looked so easy, so he climbed high,
And then—

What happened then?

There came by a bird who got his eye
On this very spider who wanted to fly.
"I'll watch this spider," he said; "Maybe I—"
And then—

What happened then?

Well the spider jumped, as spiders do,
Forgetting to fly; the bird, he knew,
Might eat him up in a minute or two,
And then—

What happened then?

The bird was scared by a cat in the tree,
Who had climbed up there as still as could be,
Saying, "That bird shall make a meal for me,"
And then—

What happened then?

Why, the bird flew away to another tree;
The cat crawled down as meek as could be,
And the spider gave up flying, you see;
And so—

Nothing happened then.

—Mrs. R. E. Clark.

IT TAKES SO LITTLE.

It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand;
And we finish the task we long had planned
And we lose the doubt and the fear we had—
So little it takes to make us glad.

FLAG LAW FOR SOUTH DAKOTA

Chapter 189—Session Laws 1913

Providing for Placing U. S. Flags on Public School Houses.
AN ACT to Provide for Placing United States Flags on Public School Houses.

Be it Enacted by the Legislature of the State of South Dakota:

§ 1. That the boards of education of cities of the first class, boards of education of independent school districts and the district school board of other school districts in the state of South Dakota shall have power to cause to be erected and kept in repair upon all the public school houses or upon the school grounds surrounding such public school buildings, which may be in their respective district, a good and sufficient flag-staff, or pole, together with all necessary adjustments, and that they shall provide a United States flag of not less than three by five feet, which shall be floated from such flag-staff or pole during school hours of such days as the board of such district may

determine. Provided, that the flag shall not be hoisted during any day when a violent storm or inclement weather would destroy or materially injure such flag.

§ 2. The flag used as provided for in this act, shall be paid for out of the funds appropriated for the running expenses of said public schools, the same as other necessary supplies are paid for, and the flags for use over public school buildings are hereby declared to be necessary supplies, and may be paid for out of the funds of the respective school districts.

FLAG DAY

SALUTE OLD GLORY! Born June 14, 1777, the Flag of the Stripes and the Stars, without ancestry and without posterity, has weathered the snows and suns of 139 years, and today its folds are rippling above the heads of over 100,000,000 people who acclaim with pride their allegiance to the "Flower Flag of the Free."

Every minute of the twenty-four hours, somewhere under the sun its glorious beams are brightening Old Glory and men are saluting its beneficent colors. Where it floats no tyrant is protected, the shackles slip from the slave, and peace and plenty abide.

Under its protecting aegis a weak country has expanded into a nation, and the seven seas acknowledge the world-wide supremacy of the thirteen red and white stripes with their galaxy of forty-eight stars. In any part of the civilized world twenty-one guns proclaim Old Glory's presence at the peak, and her battleships ride the waves, harbingers of peace and a sermon in preparedness.

The United States Flag floats today over nearly one-tenth of the earth's dry land. One twentieth of the whole number of people in the world give it proud allegiance. When the Flag was born, there were nearly 700 independent governments in Europe alone. The United States has outlived the majority of these.

Some have adjured, "Do not make an idol of the Flag, it is but a piece of cloth," but men have defended those "pieces of cloth" with their life's blood as the forfeit, "And dying blessed, and blessing died."

Carlyle says: "It is in and through symbols that man consciously or unconsciously lives, moves and has his being," and it is in the Flag that the common people read the history of the Nation, and the prophecy for the future. They idealize the principles which the Flag as the standard of the Nation embodies, and in its rippling folds of red and white read the destiny of a people who have come out of great tribulation with thirteen bright stars grown to a splendid forty-eight in

"The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever.
The union of hearts the union of hands,
And the Flag of our Union forever."

Indeed, symbols and colors enabling nations to distinguish themselves from each other have existed since time was young and have exercised a powerful influence on mankind. Victor Hugo said: "There are two things holy, the flag which represents military honor, and the law which represents the national right."

We who love the Flag and salute it, are almost willing to believe that the Psalmist saw deep into the future when he said: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." Verily, "Because of the truth," Old Glory was born so long ago, has remained and will remain till the heavens are rolled up as a scroll, "a gloried guidon in the day, a shelter through the night."

To those who owe the Flag allegiance, it is a joy to work with the Flag, and to work for it. Hold it high, never degrade or humiliate it, but enshrine it in your heart as a precious thing.

"Stand by the Flag, its folds have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe;
Stand by the Flag, on land, and ocean billow;
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, pass'd it on to you.

“Stand by the Flag, though death-shots round it rattle;
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet;
Stand by the Flag, all doubt and treason scorning,
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.”
National Association of Patriotic Instructors, 101 Fremont St.,
Boston, Mass.

FLAG DAYS

Days when flags should be displayed from homes and public buildings:

Memorial Day, May 30th.

Flag Day, June 14th.

Independence Day, July 4th.

Washington's Birthday, February 22nd.

Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th.

FLAG SALUTE

“We Give our Heads!—and our Hearts!—to God! and our Country.”

“One Country!—One Language!—One Flag!”

“The hope of the Nation is the public schools, the emblem of the Nation is the Flag; let the two be united.”

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



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